

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs, from 1630 till 1701; being chiefly taken from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall.* 4to. pp. 306. Edinburgh 1822. A. Constable & Co.

THIS is the book of which we spoke last week in our review of Gwynn's Memoirs as having been published in the limited edition of only a hundred and twenty copies. It is not a work, indeed, to call for a large impression, as it consists merely of memoranda which might serve for notes to the history of a period as well known as any in the annals of Britain, or for help to an author describing the manners of the age, by furnishing him with characteristic facts and data. In this light it contains some curious particulars; and when we find it issuing from the same quarter with other researches of a similar class, thus showing the course of reading and nature of the studies at Abbotsford, we cannot but deem it confirmatory proof (if further proof be wanting) that Sir Walter Scott is the writer of the Northern Novels.

The original MS. of this volume is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. It is from the pen of Sir John Lauder, a distinguished judge of the Court of Session, called, in courtesy to that station, Lord Fountainhall, of whom, says the Introduction,

"It is only necessary to observe, that he was a constant, close, and singularly impartial observer of the remarkable events of his time; and, while his rank and character gave him access to the best information, he displayed much shrewdness in digesting it, and appears to have had the habit of committing most remarkable particulars to writing."

It is a subject of regret that the Diary, after the death of its writer, fell into the hands of a Mr. Milne, as sturdy a Jacobite as Lord F. was a steady friend to the principles of the Revolution; and this gentleman corrupted it by interpolations and erasures, so that some difficulty occurs in distinguishing the text from the glosses. The master key is, however, in the opposed sentiments of the parties. With this premise we shall select from the work, which can be but little seen or read, such extracts (the whole being entirely unconnected) as seem likely to be most entertaining to our readers. The Diary thus commences—

"The Duke of York took leave of his brother, King Charles the Second, the 20th October 1690, at Woolwich on the Thames, and after a great storm landed at Kirkcaldie the 26th ditto with his dutches. Thereafter he went to Lesly till the 29th ditto, frae thence to Halyrood House, thence went and saw Edinburgh Castle, where the great cannon, called Monks Megg being charged, burst in her off going, which was taken as a bad omen.

"Mr. William Wischart, minister at Wells in Annan, turned Papist.

"It is observed in England, that, in the

space of twenty years, the English changed oftener their religion than all Christendom had done for 1500; for they made four mutations from 1540 till 1560. King Henry the Eighth abolished the Pope's supremacy, suppressed abbays, but retains the bulk of the Popish religion; his son, King Edward, brings in the Protestant religion; Queen Mary throws it out, but Queen Elizabeth brings it in again."

Mention is made of Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, upon which a note by the Editor relates the following anecdote—

"The presbyterian lampoons upbraid him as a prodigate and loose liver. See the Answer to Presbyterian Eloquence, where there is much ribaldry on this subject. He is said to have kissed his band-strings in the pulpit, in the midst of an eloquent discourse, which was the signal agreed upon betwixt him and a lady to whom he was a suitor, to show he could think upon her charms even whilst engaged in the most solemn duties of his profession. Hence he was nick-named Bishop Bandstrings."

The death of Charles II. is described in a concise but simple and affecting manner: we like it better than all the usual flourish of the *Historic Muse* (aptly so called)—

"King Charles the Second dyed peaceably on Fryday, at twelve o'clock of the day, 6th February 1685, having taken the sacrament before from Doctor Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Welles. On the 2d February he had a strong fit of convulsion, but afterward, being recovered a little, he called his brother, and craved him pardon, If ever he had offended him; and recommended him the care of his Queen and children, and delyvered him some papers, and intreated him to maintain the Protestant religion. The Queen being unwell, was not able to attend him, but sent to ask his pardon wherein she had ever offended him: He said, Ah, poor Kat, many a time have I wronged her, but she never did me any. He dyed most composedly, regretting the trouble his friends had been in attending him. He was certainly a prince (whose only weak side was to be carried away with women, which had wasted his body, being only fifty-five years old when he dyed) indued with many royal qualities, of whom the Divine Providence had taken a speciale care; witness his miraculous escape at Worcester Battle, his treatment in the Royal Oak when thousands were rummaging the feilds in quest of him; his restoration being without one drop of bloodshed, so that the Turkish Emperor said, that if he were to change his religion, he would only do it for that of the King of Brittain's God, who had done such wonderful things for him. His clemencie was admirable; witness his sparing two of Cromwell's sons, one of whom had usurped his throne. His firmness in religion was evident, for, in his banishment, great offers were made to restore him, if he would turn Papist, which he altogether slighted. A star appeared at noon on his

birthday. He was a great mathematician, chemist, and mechanick, and wrought often in the laboratorie himself; and he had ane natural mildness and command over his anger, which never transported him beyond ane innocent puff and spitting, and was soon over, and yet commanded more deference from his people than if he had expresst it more severely: So great respect had all persons to him. He was burried 14th September 1685, privatelie in King Henry the Seventh his chappell, Westminster, the Prince of Denmark being chiefe mourner, having desired to be burried privatelie.

"King James ordered the Dutches of Portsmouth [not] to leave England till she paid all her debts, because she was transporting 50,000 lb. Sterling in gold and jewels, which was seized by the collectors of the customs. She had a great estate before her also in France 1685.

"Queen Mary, wife of King James the Seventh, was not crowned with the Imperial Crown of England, but there was a new one of gold made of purpose for her worth 300,000 lb. Sterling, and the jewels she had on her were reckoned to a million, which made her shine like ane angel; and all the peeresses were richly attired with their coronets on their heads. The King and she both were crowned 23d April, 1685, being St. George's day. *Nota.* The crown of Scotland is not the ancient one, but was casten off new by King James the Fifth. There was a poem made on the coronation by Elkena Settle, formerly the poet for the Whiggs, wherein he mentions Gibby Burnet's reforming pupils, as Shaftesberrie, Essex, and Russell, to be gnashing their teeth in hell, at the news of King James's coronation."

The state of parties in Scotland; the clashing of personal and political interests; the barbarous tortures and executions of their opponents as the different sides prevailed; the ramifications of the Ryehouse plot into this country; the conflicts of episcopacy, presbyterianism, and popery; besides private concerns, form many of the illustrative paragraphs of our miscellaneous record. For example, in 1684,

"Mr. Hunter, second minister of Stirling, staged for drunkenness, in spewing after he had tane the sacrament. Kenedy, Provost of Stirling, and Mr. Mohro, the first minister, wer his accusers, 9th April, 1684. He efter turned a buckle Beggars,\* and was suppendit, if not deprived, by the Bishop therefor; and married, in his old age, a daughter of ane Stevenson, a gardner at Habayehall."

"Mr. William Spence, late servant to Argyle, is tortured by boots, to force him to reveal what he knows of the Earle's and others accession to the late English Fanatick Plott, and a design of rebellion; and in regard that he refused to depone if he had the key whereby he could read some letters of

\* That is, one who marries without licence, or enquiry, whatsoever couple present themselves.

the Earles produced by Major Holmes, in cypher; and seeing he would not depone that he could not read them, and that they offered him a remission; it rendered him very obnoxious, and suspect of prevarication, so that after the torture he was put in Generall Dalryell's hands; and it was reported, that by a hair shirt and pricking, (as the witches are used,) he was five nights kept frae sleep, till turned half distracted; but he eat very little, of purpose that he might require less sleep; yet never discovered any thing, 20th July, *et diebus sequentibus*, 1684." - - -

"Mr. Spence, Argyle's servant, is again tortured with the thumbikins, a new invention, and discovered by Generalls Dalryell and Drummond, who saw them used in Muscovy; and when he heard they were to put him in boots again, being frightened therewith, desired time, and he would declare what he knew; whereupon they gave him some time, and sequestrat him in Edinburgh Castle, 6th August, 1684." - - -

"Mr. William Spence, to avoid further torture, despatched Argyle's letters, and agrees with Holmes' declaration that Argyle, and London, Dalrymple of Stairs, Sir John Cochran, and others, had formed a design to raise rebellion in Scotland; and that there were three keys to the said letters, whereof he and Mr. William Carstairs had two, and Holmes a third; and he approved of Gray of Crichton, after Lord Gray, his explanation of the said letters; and Campbell of Arkinlass was apprehended by the Laird of M'Naughton. Spence got the liberty of the Castle, and recommended for a remission. And Gordon of Earlston was sent for from the Bass, to be tortured and confronted with Spence, and the Council resolved not to admit of his madness for ane excuse, (which they esteemed simulat,) as Chancellor Gordon had done, August 22." - - -

"Mr. William Carstairs, son of Mr. John Carstairs, minister at Glasgow, brought before the Secret Committee of Council, and tortured with the thumbikines, whereon he confessed, there had been a current plot in Scotland for ten years, and that some were for rising in rebellion, others for associating with the English for keeping out [the] Duke of York, and to preserve [the] Protestant religion." - - -

We are delighted to read after these passages, that in Council the

"Duke of Hamilton opposed torturings, alleading, at this rate, they might, without accusers or witnesses, take any person of the street and torture; and he retired, and refused to be present, on this ground, that if the party should dye in the torture, the Judges were lyable for murder, or at least, severely answerable." - - -

† Afterwards Principal (or, as he was jocularly called, Cardinal) Carstairs. The Magistrates, after the Revolution, made him a present of the instrument with which he had been tortured, of which there is a print in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine for August 1817. Tradition says, that Carstairs exhibited this engine to King William, who requested to experience its power. The divine turned the screw with the delicacy that might be expected when a clergyman squeezes the thumbs of a monarch. William, feeling no great pain, upbraided the Principal with pusillanimity in giving way under such a slight compulsiot; when Carstairs, giving the screw an effectual turn, compelled the King to roar for mercy, and to confess, that under such an infliction a man might confess any thing. I have a fac-simile of this dire implement.—*Ed.*

Death and torments seem to have been often unavailing to appal the martyrs of those bad days. Numbers were gibbeted, whom a mere acknowledgment of the King's supremacy or the signing of the test would have saved from the gallows.

"Phisitions having given in their verdict, that Mr. Rumbold was in hazard of death by his wounds, the Council ordained the Justice Court to sit on him to-morrow, 25th June, 1685; and 26th he was tried, and charged with a design to murder the late King at Ryhous, in Aprile, 1683, which he positively denied thatt [was] sworn against him in England; yet the Advocat past frae that, least it should have disparaged the credit of the English Plott; and insisted on his associating with Argyle, and invading Scotland; and that he was with Campbell of Arkinlass against the Athol men, where two or three of them were killed; which he confessed. And being asked if he was one of the masked executioners that were on the scaffold at the murder of King Charles the First, denied it; but that he was one of Cromwell's regiment then, and was on horseback at Whitehall that day, as one of guard about the scaffold. And that he was at Dunbar, Worcester, and Dundee, a lieutenant in Cromwell's armie. He said Sir James Steuart, Advocat, told them all would be ruined by Argyle's lingering in the Highlands, and not marching presently to Galloway, &c. And being asked, if he owned his Majestie's authority, he craved leave to be excused, seeing he needed neither offend them nor grate his own conscience, for they had enough to take his life; besides, his rooted opinion was for a Republick against Monarchie; to pull down which he thought it a duty, and no sin; and on the scaffold began to pray for that party, but was interrupted; and said, if every hair in his head were a man, he would venture them all in that quarrell; he otherwayes behaved discreetly enough, and heard the ministers, but took none of them to the scaffold. He was drawn in a hurdle thereto, thence hoysed up a little in the gallows by a pully, and hanged a while, and let down not fullie dead, his breast ript up, and his heart pulled out and thrown in the fire; then his head was strake off, and his body cutt in four quarters, and ordered to be affixed at Glasgow, Dumfries, New Galloway, and Jedburgh, and his head to be affixt on the West Port of Edinburgh; but thereafter wer, by order from the King, sent to England, to be affixt at London, wher he was best known. The order came to Scotland 3d August, 1685. Nota, He was tried 25th, and execute 26th June, 1685."

"Some of the common prisoners that came with Argyle are given by the Council to Scot of Pitlochrie and others, for the Plantations. But some of them was more perverse then others, in minceing the King's Authority, to the number of forty, ordered to have a piece of their lugg cutt off; and the women disowning the King, to be brunt in the shoulder, that if any of them return, they might be known thereby, and hanged. 5th August, 1685." - - -

"A drummer shot in Lieth (for saying he could run his sword throw all the papists) by martial law; though he denied the words, yet declared he would not redeem his life by turning papist, 23d February, 1686. Witnesses were Irvine of Bonshaw, &c. who falling out, called one another perjured." - -

"A Fencing-master, condemned to be

hanged by Criminal Court, for uttering words approving the late rabble. It was proven that he said; if the trades' lads would fall on the Town-Guard, he should secure their Captain Patrick Grame for his part; and for drinking the confusion of papists, though at the same time he drank the King's health; yet the Chancellor was inexorable, and beat his own son for pleading for him, (and this was called to remembrance, when the Chancellor himself was taken and maltreated by Captain Boswall in Kirkaldie, who took him by sea when making his escape to France, after the Usurpation in 1688,) and so he was hanged on 5th March, 1686, and dyed piously. He was dealt with to accuse Queensberry with accession to the rabble, but refused." - - -

Were not men more firm and stubborn a century and a half ago than they are now? We much question that conscientious motives would carry many to such extremes in our time.

[Having several long papers this week; we must defer a few columns of this till our next publication.]

*Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England.* Collected by Davies Gilbert, F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 35. London 1822. J. Nichols & Son.

This publication is a literary and musical curiosity. It consists of eight Carols with their old tunes, which bear a strong resemblance to the popular music of Scotland. These Carols, Mr. Gilbert reminds us, were chanted in churches on Christmas Day, and in private houses on Christmas Eve; and states that the custom prevailed throughout the West of England up to the latter part of the late century.

"Christmas Day, (he continues) like every other great festival, has prefixed to it in the calendar a Vigil or Fast; and in Catholic countries Mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas Eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kinds succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of England. The day of Christmas Eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of Carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas Day these Carols took the place of Psalms in all the Churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the Parish Clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the Parishioners.

"None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas Eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were, the one, a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of St. George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other a less dignified representation of some transactions at a market or fair.

"In the first, Saint George enters accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

"Here come I Saint George,  
That valiant champion bold,  
And with my sword and spear  
I've won three crowns of gold.

I slew the Dragon, he

And brought him to the slaughter,  
By which I gained fair Sabra,  
The King of Egypt's daughter."

"The Pagan enters.

"Here come I the Turkish Knight,  
Come from the Turkish land to fight,  
..... bold,

And if your blood is hot,  
I soon will make it cold."

"They fight, the Turkish Knight falls, and  
rising on one knee,

"Oh! pardon me, Saint George,

Oh! pardon me, I crave,

Oh! give me but my life,

And I will be thy slave."

"Saint George, however, again strikes him  
down; but immediately relenting, calls out

"Is there no Doctor to be found,

To cure a deep and deadly wound?"

"A Doctor enters, declaring that he has a  
small phial filled with the juice of some par-  
ticular plant, capable of recalling any one to  
life; he tries, however, and fails: when  
Saint George kills him, enraged by his want  
of success. Soon after this the Turkish  
Knight appears perfectly well; and having  
been fully convinced of his errors by the  
strength of Saint George's arm, he becomes  
a Christian, and the scene closes.

"The Fair or Market usually followed,  
as a Farce. Several persons arranged on  
benches were sometimes supposed to sell  
corn; and one applying to each seller in his  
turn inquired the price, using a set form of  
words, to be answered in a corresponding  
manner. If any error were committed, a  
grave personage was introduced with much  
ceremony, grotesquely attired, and provided  
with a large stick; who, after stipulating for  
some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of  
moon-light, proceeded to shoe the untamed  
colt, by striking the person in error on the  
sole of the foot."

We may add to this piece of popular an-  
tiquity, that similar sports prevail at Yule, or  
Christmas time, in the North of England and  
Scotland, where the actors go from house to  
house under the name of Guizarts, or Guiz-  
ards. Here, however, the hero has no ap-  
pellation, and the conquered party is called  
Galatian (we know not whence derived,  
perhaps quasi Galathian, from Galathea, the  
name of Hector's horse in the ancient Ro-  
mances, or, more probably, from Galatia,  
i. e. Gallogræcia; the scene of many of  
St. George's exploits;) and the drama, after  
a prologue, begins facetiously:

Here come I myself,

Who never came before;

And I will do the best I can—

What can the best do more?

The Knight then boasts of his former deeds,  
and proclaims his challenge; upon which the  
adversary enters with—

Here come I Galatian,

Galatian is my name;

With sword and pistol by my side,

I hope to win the game.

He is nevertheless vanquished, and the  
victor says—

Galatian he is dead,

Galatian he is slain,

But I will do the best I can

To bring him back again.

The Doctor is thereupon called in with  
the couplet quoted by Mr. Gilbert, and per-  
forms the cure of the dead man by some  
miraculous drug, and generally some low  
allusion to the seat of his mortal hurt about

the lodge of honour. Songs and revels con-  
clude the performance, and the performers  
are rewarded.

Mr. Gilbert refers to Brand's Popular  
Antiquities (Mr. Ellis's edition,) and Brady's  
Clavis Calendaria, for ample accounts of the  
ceremonies at Christmas, and for disserta-  
tions on the name of Yule,\* whence he de-  
rives the French Noël. This derivation is  
doubtful, for we know of no instance in  
which its Saxon primitive geol, or gehol,  
means any festival, but strictly Christmas;  
whereas it appears from Menage (whom  
Mr. G. cites,) that the word Noel, or Nouel,  
was used for any rejoicing fete, or public  
solemnity:—Thus

"Martial de Paris, à l'entrée du Roy  
Charles vii. dans Verneuil:

"Ce jour vint le Roy à Verneuil,

Où il fut receu à grand joye

Du peuple joyeux à merveil,

En criant Noel par la voye."

Of the Western Carols themselves a perfect  
idea may be formed from the annexed spec-  
imen:

The Lord at first did Adam make

Out of the dust and clay,

And in his nostrils breathed life,

E'en as the Scriptures say.

And then in Eden's Paradise

He placed him to dwell,

That he within it should remain

To dress and keep it well.

Now let good Christians all begin

An holy life to live,

And to rejoice and merry be,

For this is Christmas Eve.

And then within the garden he

Commanded was to stay,

And unto him in commandment

These words the Lord did say:

The fruit which in the garden grows

To thee shall be for meat,

Except the tree in the midst thereof,

Of which thou shalt not eat.

For in the day that thou shalt eat,

Or do it them come nigh;

For if that thou do eat thereof

Then surely thou shalt die.

But Adam he did take no heed

Unto that only thing,

But did transgress God's holy law,

And so was wrapt in sin.

Now mark the goodness of the Lord

Which he for mankind bore,

His mercy soon he did extend,

Lost man for to restore;

And then for to redeem our souls

From death and hellish thrall,

He said his own dear Son should be

The Saviour of us all.

— — — — —

And now the tide is high at hand,

Int' which our Saviour came;

Let us rejoice, and merry be,

In keeping of the same.

\* Drayton, in his Polyolbion, says descriptively,  
"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen  
such rule

In any place but here; at bonfire or at Yule."

In Hollinshed's Scotland it is stated, "King  
Alexander, and his mother Ermingarde, were  
sitting at their banquet on the XII day in Chris-  
ten masse, otherwise called Yule;" and Warner,  
spelling it differently in his *Ab. Eng.*, says,

"At Yule we wonton, gambole, daunce, to carrols  
and to sing, [for a king.]

To have god spiced sewe and roste, and plum pies  
See Nares' Glossary.

Let's feed the poor and hungry souls,

And such as do it crave;

Then when we die, in Heaven sure

Our reward we shall have.

The others, of course, relate the same  
event, but the manner is still more quaint:  
A virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,  
Hath brought forth a baby as it hath befell,  
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,  
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.  
CHORUS.

Aye, and therefore be you merry,

Rejoice and be you merry;

Set sorrows aside,

Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem in Jewry a City there was,

Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,

And there to be taxed with many one more,

For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

Aye, and therefore, &c.

But when they had entered the City so fair,

A number of people so mighty was there;

That Joseph and Mary whose substance was small,

Could find in the Inn there no lodging at all.

Aye, and therefore, &c.

Then were they constrain'd in a stable to lye,

Where horses and asses they us'd for to tie;

Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,

But against the next morning our Saviour was

born, &c.

Though there may appear to be something  
ludicrous in this rude simplicity, it is not  
always inconsistent with the pathetic and  
poetic. In proof of this we shall quote one  
verse, the last line of which would do no dis-  
honour to any bard:

No place at all for our Saviour

In Judea could be found,

Yet sweet Mary's mild behaviour,

Patience upon the ground

Her babe did place in vile disgrace,

Where oxen in their stall did feed;

No midwife mild had this sweet child,

Nor woman's help at mother's need.

Here ends our lesson.

*A New-England Tale.* From the Second  
American Edition, revised and corrected  
by the Author. 12mo. pp. 297. London  
1822. John Miller.

HAD the Scottish Novelist never existed, we  
should in all probability never have seen this  
tale, which, looking on him for a model, is one  
of the best-constructed things of the sort  
which has been waited to us across the At-  
lantic. The story is a simple one, of a young  
person named Jane Elton, who being left an  
orphan in the charge of a fanatic Aunt, so  
conducts herself as to be a perfect example  
of Christian virtue. She bears the evils of  
her situation patiently; she rejects a lover  
for gaming and being irreligious, heroically;  
and she marries Mr. Lloyd, an excellent  
Quaker widower, most lovingly.

To vary the scene, we have an American  
Meg Merrilies, or rather Madge Wildfire,  
called Crazy Bet; and it must be owned that  
in their relations with this personage, nearly  
all the rest act as crazily as herself. But the  
principal recommendation of the New-Eng-  
land Tale is the sketches of manners which  
it contains. Of these there are many which  
escape the notice of foreign travellers; and  
though the whole is overloaded with the lec-  
turing habit now so common to works of fic-  
tion, the volume will, we think, be extensively  
read in this country. Without going into  
detail upon the subject, we shall insert an  
example or two to exhibit the author in a



fair light, as is due to a fair lady, for we understand that to Miss Sedgewick of New York is the offering due:

"On the day of Mrs. Elton's interment a concourse of people assembled to listen to the funeral sermon, and to follow to the grave one who had been the object of the envy of some, and of the respect and love of many. Three sisters of Mr. Elton were assembled with their families; Mrs. Elton had come from a distant part of the country, and had no relatives in —.

"Jane's relations wore the decent gravity that became the occasion, but they were of a hard race, and neither the wreck their brother had made, nor the deep grief of the solitary little creature, awakened their pity. They even seemed to shun manifesting towards her the kindness of common sympathy, lest it should be construed into an intention of taking charge of the orphan.

"Jane, lost in the depths of her sufferings, seemed insensible to all external things. Her countenance was of a death-like paleness, and her features immovable. In the course of the sermon, agreeably to the usage established in such cases, the clergyman made a personal address to her, as the nearest relative and chief mourner. She was utterly unable to rise, as she should have done in compliance with the custom; and one of her aunts, shocked at the omission of what she considered an essential decorum, took her by the arm, and almost lifted her from her seat. She stood like a statue, her senses seeming to take no cognizance of any thing. Not a tear escaped, nor a sigh burst from her breaking heart. The sorrow of childhood is usually noisy; and this mute and motionless grief, in a creature so young, and one that had been so happy, touched every heart.

"When the services were over, the clergyman supported the trembling frame of the poor child to the place of interment. The coffin was slowly let down into the house appointed for all. Every one who has followed a dear friend to the grave, remembers with shuddering the hollow sound of the first clods that are thrown on the coffin. As they fell heavily, poor Jane shrieked, 'Oh mother!' and springing forward, bent over the grave, which, to her, seemed to contain all the world. The sexton, used as he was to pursue his trade amidst the wailings of mourners, saw something peculiar in the misery of the lone child. He dropped the spade, and hastily brushing away the tears that blinded him with the sleeve of his coat, 'Why does not some one,' he said, 'take away the child? This is no place for such a heart-broken thing.' There was a general bustle in the crowd, and two young ladies, more considerate, or perhaps more tender-hearted than the rest, kindly passed their arms around her, and led her home.

"The clergyman of — was one of those who are more zealous for sound doctrine, than benevolent practice: he had chosen on that occasion for his text, 'The wages of sin is death,' and had preached a long sermon in the vain endeavour of elucidating the doctrine of original sin. Clergymen who lose such opportunities of instructing their people in the operations of providence, and the claims of humanity, ought not to wonder if they grow languid, and selfish, and careless of their most obvious duties." —

We will contrast a burial with a wedding. A cousin of Jane's makes a runaway match with a French dancing-master:

"Lavoisier had procured a chaise from a neighbouring farmer, which was principally devoted to the transportation of its worthy proprietor and the partner of his joys to and from the meeting-house on Sundays and lecture days, but was occasionally hired out to oblige such persons as might stand in need of such an accommodation, and could afford to pay what was 'consistent' for it.

"Allons—marche donc!" said the dancing philosopher to his horse, after seating Elvira; and turning to her, he pressed one of her hands to his lips, saying, 'Pardonnez-moi,'—adding, as he dropt it, 'tout nous sourit dans la nature.'

"Elvira pointed out the road leading to the dwelling of a justice of the peace, a few miles beyond the line which divides the State of Massachusetts from that of New-York. They arrived at this temple of Hymen, and of petty litigation, about eleven in the morning. The justice was at work on his farm; a messenger was soon despatched for him, with whom he returned in about thirty minutes, which seemed as many hours to our anxious lovers.

"'Dey say,' said Lavoisier, 'l'amour fait passer le temps, but in l'Amerique it is very differente.'

"The justice took Lavoisier aside, and inquired whether there were any objections to the marriage on the part of the lady's friends.

"'Objection!' said Lavoisier, 'it is the most grande feliciteé to every body. You cannot conceive.'

"On being further interrogated, Lavoisier confessed that they came from Massachusetts; and being asked why they were not married at the place of the lady's residence, he said that 'some personnes without sensibilité may wait, but for Mademoiselle and me, it is impossible.'

"Elvira being examined apart, in like manner, declared that her intended husband's impatience and her own dislike to the formality of a publication, had led them to avoid the usual mode and forms of marriage.

"The justice, who derived the chief profits of his office from clandestine matches, and who had made these enquiries more because it was a common custom, than from any scruples of conscience, or sense of official duty, was perfectly satisfied; and after requiring from the bridegroom the usual promise to love and cherish; and from the bride, to love, cherish, and obey; pronounced them man and wife, and recorded the marriage in a book containing a record of similar official acts, and of divers suits and the proceedings therein.

"The bride and bridegroom immediately set out for the North River, intending to embark there for New-York.

"'These things do manage themselves better in France,' said Lavoisier. 'Les nœces qui se font ici—the marriages you make here—are as solemn que la sepulture—as to bury. Le Cupidon ici a l'air bien sauvage; if de little god was paint here, they would make him work as de justice. Eh bien!' said he, after a pause, 'chacun a son métier; without some fermiers there should not be some maitres-de-danse, some professors of de elegant arts: et sans les justices, you would not be mon ange—you would not be Madame Lavoisier.'

"Elvira was so occupied with the change in her condition, and the prospect before her, that she did not observe the direction in which they were travelling; and by mistake

they took the road leading back through a cleft in the mountain towards a village in the vicinity of the one they had left.

"As they ascended the top of a hill, their steed began to prick his ears at the distant sound of a drum and fife, which the fugitives soon perceived to be part of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a militia training. The village tavern was in full view, and within a short distance, and the company was performing some marching evolutions a little beyond. An election of captain had just taken place: and the suffrages of the citizen soldiers had fallen upon a popular favourite, who had taken his station as commanding officer, and was shewing his familiarity with the marches and counter marches of Eaton's Manual. He had been just promoted from the rank of first lieutenant; and previous to the dismissal of his men, which was about to take place, he drew them up in front of the village store, when according to custom, and with due regard to economy, which made the store a more eligible place for his purposes than the tavern, he testified his gratitude for the honour which had been done him by copious libations of cherry rum, and of St. Croix, which was diluted or not, according to the taste of each individual. The men soon began to grow merry; and some of them swore they would not scruple to vote for the captain for major-general, if they had the choosing of that officer. The vendors of gingerbread felt the influence of the good fellowship and generosity which the captain had set in motion. A market for a considerable portion of their commodity was soon furnished by the stimulated appetites of the men, and a portion was distributed by the more gallant among them, to some spectators of the softer sex, who were collected upon the occasion.

"The happy pair in the mean time had arrived at the tavern. Elvira's attention had not been sufficiently awakened by any thing but the conversation of her husband, to notice where she was, until she was called to a sense of her embarrassing situation by the landlord's sign, as it was gently swinging in the wind between two high posts, and exhibited a successful specimen of village sign-painting, the distinguished name of the host, and the age of his establishment. —

"They immediately alighted, and Lavoisier, after showing his bride to her apartment, descended to give some orders about his horse; when, to his astonishment, he was accosted by the jolly landlord, whose name was Thomas, 'Ha, mounsheer! I guess you are the man who staid with me a fortnight two years ago, when I kept house in York state, and borried my chaise to go a jaunting, and told me to take care of your trunk, that had nothing but a big stone in it, till you came back. I got my horse and chaise agin,' continued he, seizing the astonished professor of the dancing and military arts by the collar, 'and now I'll take my reckon out of your skin, if I can't get it any other way.'

"At this moment the new captain and a considerable number of his merry men entered the house. After they had learned the circumstance of the case, from what passed between monsieur and the landlord, one of them cried out, 'Ride him on a rail—let him take his steps in the air!'

"He ought to dance on nothing, with a rope round his neck," said Thomas.

"No, no," said a third, 'he has taken steps enough; that flashy jacket had better be swapped for one of tar and feathers.'

"Messieurs, messieurs," said Lavoisier, 'je suis bien malheureux. I am very sorry. Il étoit mon malheur—it was my misère to not pay monsieur Thomas, and it was his malheur not to be paid. I shall shew you my bonheur, when I shall get de l'argent. Il faut se soumettre aux circonstances. De honesty of every body depend upon what dey can do. I am sure, every body is gentleman in dis country. C'est un bean pays.'

"By this time one of the corporals had set a skillet of tar on the fire, and another, by the direction of the lieutenant, who seemed to take upon himself the command of the party, had brought a pillow from a bed in an adjoining room. The pillow was very expeditiously uncased, and a sufficient rent made in the ticking. The astonished Français stood aghast, as his bewildered mind caught a faint notion of the purpose of these preparations. He changed his tones of supplication to those of anger. 'Vous êtes des sauvages!' he exclaimed. 'You are monstres, diables! You do not merit to have some gentleman to teach la belle danse in dis country.'

"He'll cackle like a blue jay," said the corporal, 'by the time we get the feathers on him.'

"They are hen's feathers," said the Lieutenant, 'but they'll do. Now ensign Sacket get on to the table, and corporal you hand him the skillet of tar. You Mr. Le Voshier, or whatever your name is, stand alongside of the table.'

"Monsieur believed his destiny to be fixed—'Oh, mon Dieu!' he exclaimed; 'le diable! qu'est que c'est que ça? Vat you do—vat is dat?'

"Tar, tar, nothing but tar—stand up to the table," was the reply.

"Sacristie! put dat sur ma tête—on my head et sur mes habits—my clothes; mes beaux habits de noces—my fine clothes for de marriage! Oh, messieurs, de grace, pardonnez-moi; vous gateriez—you will spoil all my clothes."

"Blast your clothes!" said the corporal; 'pull them off.'

"Je vous remercie, tank you gentlemen," and he very deliberately divested himself of a superfine light blue broad-cloth coat, an embroidered silk vest, a laced cravat, and an under cravat of coarser fabric. He prolonged the operation as much as possible, making continued efforts to conciliate the compassion of his persecutors, which only added to their merriment.

Elvira's distress prevents the finale of this American jest.

From these two specimens our readers may judge for themselves whether they should like to read the whole Tale, or be contented with our report: we think the former will be the better course, for, with all its abatements, there is national novelty and merit enough to reward the time that may be given to its perusal.

#### MEMOIRS OF ALI PACHA.

Our opinion of the interest of this biographical volume is attested by the length of our notice; and yet it is but justice to say that the variety of its strange details are by no means exhausted by our extracts. In short, it is a very amusing work, and gives an extremely curious account of the chequered life of a most extraordinary man, and of the habits of the people over whom he established his sovereignty. The character of the Principal

himself appears to us to be drawn with discrimination in the following general sketch:

"Ali's government was not only harsh and oppressive in general, but also peculiarly distinguished by cruelties exercised on rich and powerful persons, with the view of seizing on their wealth and authority, so that his rule might justly be called tyrannical. On the other hand, it seemed moderate and mild, when we consider the security which the mass of the people enjoyed, the religious toleration shewn to the Greeks, and the use which he made of the services of the latter. The contradiction, however, was only apparent, and a natural consequence of his situation and of his political system. The different parts of his dominions did not form a coherent whole; but his object was directed to obtain this coherence, by the conviction that all must be united round his own person as a centre; and that therefore every thing must be subdued which could offer resistance. At least he himself declared this to be his fundamental principle of action.

"His administration, however, has found apologists; as a proof of which, the French Consul quotes the opinion of an Albanian philosopher, one who was well acquainted with France, had resided in Paris, and had frequented the society of the literati, the contemporaries with Voltaire.

"He thus expresses himself: 'I was born at Premiti, and am an undeniable proof that a wise and prudent man can be happy everywhere. I have seen Versailles and the King of France: I have witnessed the most refined civilization: I have resided among the most polished nation in the world; and yet I sighed to revisit my native land. For fifteen years I have served Ali Pacha as his interpreter, without experiencing at his hands either ingratitude or great favour. His government, which to you may perhaps appear severe, is the best calculated for the subjects whom he commands: his extortions and his cruelties are suited to the ferocious character of the Albanians: a nation of brigands must have a tyrant for their ruler. My language may, perhaps, astonish you; but only ten years ago you would have been assassinated, or sold as a slave, by the very people who now surround you, and from whom you receive the attentions of hospitality.'

"The whole of Ali's tyrannical system presented striking contradictions. For instance, his religious toleration was in some respects partial: he seemed to grant a special protection to those whom his religion reprobated. Under this point of view, a Christian in criminal cases was always more favoured than a Musulman. Hence, perhaps, the protection which he afforded to public instruction in favour of the Christians, even in the interior of his seraglio. As a consequence of this system, Ali permitted his wives the most entire freedom in cases of religion; and upon the death of Emineh, the beloved wife of his heart, he had even chosen a Christian as her successor—Reine Vasiliki de Paramithia, a model of virtue and piety. Her elevation was one of those prodigies so often occurring in absolute governments. Ali in 1800 had prosecuted her father for coining; and the whole family being seized, Ali accidentally saw Reine, then quite young. He ordered her to be brought up in his harem. The graces of her form, which was of surprising beauty, having now attained perfection, Ali married her, and thus raised her from the condition of a poor peasant to be

wife to the sovereign of Epirus, without even requiring her to abjure the rites of baptism which she had received at her birth. "If I renounced my God," said she to him, "if I abjured the Holy Virgin, the protector of my infancy, how could you confide in the attachment of a woman who sacrificed the riches of immortality for the perishing honours of this life?" Far from offending Ali, this generous resolution increased his affection for his young wife; and he not only permitted, but insisted, that an oratory adorned with images should be erected in his palace, before which he might burn incense to the true God."

At this era, Ali was master of all Continental Greece, from the frontiers of Attica to the mountains of Illyria—but still the thirst of ambition pursued him. The conquest of Middle Albania made him sigh after that of Scodra, where he kept a cabal in pay to trouble the government of the young Moustai Pasha. Our history proceeds and winds up with what posterity will probably, if not authenticated, pronounce to be romance—

"The Vizier Ali Pacha, the favourite of fortune, may now be considered as having attained the acme of his prosperity. His sons and grandsons were all ennobled with high titles, and appointed to important offices; and although not one in reality, yet he might truly consider himself upon an equality with a sovereign in power and magnificence. Nor were flatterers wanting. At Vienna a poem had been written in his praise: a coat of arms was found for him by one well skilled in heraldry; it consisted of a *Lion in a field Gules embracing three young Lions*, the emblem of his dynasty. A grammar of the French and Greek languages had also been dedicated to him, in which the titles of *high, puissant, and most merciful*, were lavishly bestowed upon him. The author thus expresses himself in the dedication: *The earth, most illustrious prince, is full of the glory of thy name; the bright and dazzling fame of thy noble virtues has reached every ear.*

"But the wheel of Ali's fortune had now reached its highest elevation, and, though its revolution was not rapid, it was on the descent. Ali's fall was now slowly approaching. Aware of his critical situation, he refused the diadem; and, like Caesar, repelled his imprudent friends, who for a long time had saluted him with the title of King. He had disdained to unfurl a particular standard, conceiving it inconsistent and ridiculous to risk losing solid advantages for vanities so futile. He often said, that, in wishing to be Viziers, his children would be his destruction; and when speaking of his own power, he frequently repeated this maxim: 'A Vizier is a man covered with honours, seated on a barrel of gunpowder, which may be blown up by a spark.'

"Till this period, however, the Porte had tolerated every thing from one of the most dangerous of its Viziers, whether considered with respect to his geographical position, or his relations with foreign countries. Ali was growing old, and it was easily foreseen, that at his death the dissensions among his sons would replace under the Turkish sceptre this large portion of continental Greece, which might now be considered as detached from it. But what the Porte chiefly coveted, were Ali's immense treasures. It therefore awaited his death with an impatience which often degenerated into rancour and malice. The Porte also feared that, if he died a natural death, all his treasures would be either divided or

distributed. With these views and feelings, but without having conceived any precise plan against Ali, the Porte, by a singular concurrence of events, found itself suddenly connected with one of his bitterest enemies.

"This man's name was Ismael Pachó Bey. Being placed by Ali Pacha near the person of his son Veli, as Selictar, he had followed him into the Morea, where he became his confidant, and the instrument of those tyrannical and oppressive acts which rendered his administration so hateful to the Moraites. Ali, whose resentment he had incurred, having proscribed him and confiscated his property, Pachó Bey endeavoured to sow discord between the father and son; escaping from the snares of the former, who had several times employed assassins to rid him of so enterprising and implacable an enemy. At length, pursued by the persevering hatred of the Vizier, after again narrowly avoiding assassination, he quitted the country disguised as a sailor, and travelled through the commercial sea-ports of Asia, and the different cities of Egypt. There, friendless, and without where to lay his head, he sheltered himself under the porticoes of the mosques, or laid among the beggars upon the warm ashes from the public baths. Wearied with dragging on so miserable an existence, he presented himself at the Court of Mouhamet Ali, Nazir of Drama, one of the richest and most magnificent princes of Thraee. He had the good fortune to acquire his favour and protection. Ali Pacha, however, had traced him, and immediately procured a firman against him, the execution of which he entrusted to a Capidigi-Bachi; to escape whom, Pachó Bey was compelled to assume the dress of a Bulgarian monk. Under this disguise he was received into a Servian convent. In this manner these two men, alike fertile in expedients and cunning, contended, the one for the means of gratifying his vengeance, the other for those of saving his life. Ali having again discovered Pachó Bey's retreat, pretended to disgrace Athanasia Vaia, who, assuming the robe of the Caloyers, as if for the purpose of undertaking a pilgrimage to Mount Athos, had formed a plan for getting access to Pachó Bey, in order to sacrifice him to the fury of the Vizier. The proscribed, upon the arrival of his pretended companion in misfortune, guessing his intentions, fled to Constantinople. It was there, in the capital of the empire, that he resolved openly to defy and combat his powerful enemy. For this purpose, Pachó Bey first sought out those of his ancient companions in arms who had been banished from Epirus, and associated himself with Demetrius Paleopulo, an Etolian, another victim of Ali's tyranny; and who, placed under the protection of the French legation, had laid before the Porte a plan, shewing in all their details the means of subduing the Vizier of Janina. This memorial had been presented to the Divan in the year 1812.

"It has already been seen, that previously to that time Ali had only escaped the anger of the Porte and of France by means of a fortuitous concurrence of unforeseen events, which had averted the storm ready to burst over him. United by interest, and animated by a common hatred, Pachó Bey and Paleopulo reproduced the plan for the ruin of the Pacha's family. Pachó Bey guaranteed its success with his head; asserting, that, spite of the troops, the fortresses, and the re-

sources of the Vizier, he would arrive before Janina without burning a match.

"But this plan was not very agreeable to the ministers of the Grand Seigneur, accustomed as they were to the presents and pensions of the modern Jugurtha. To so temporizing a cabinet it appeared more expedient patiently to await the inheritance of Ali's treasures, rather than accelerate the acquisition of them by open war.

"Wearied out with these vain solicitations, Paleopulo was on the point of retiring into Russian Bessarabia, there to found a colony, when death with friendly hand put an end to all his troubles. Ere he resigned his last breath, the old Etolian conjured Pachó Bey to persevere in his projects, assuring him that the house of Ali would soon be prostrate beneath his blows. "I regret," added he, in dying accents, "I regret that I cannot be with you on the Driscos; the report of my large gun would soon recall Paleopulo to Ali's recollection." Resolved to follow the advice of his friend, whose last words appeared to him prophetic, Pachó Bey desisted from all memorials and plans of reform, and exclusively confined himself secretly to undermine the influence of Ali, by becoming the champion of all who had any complaints against the administration of the Vizier of Janina and his sons. He drew up their petitions, and got them presented to the ministers of the Porte, who were delighted to find fresh opportunities for bleeding the old Satrap, by promising to stifle the public cry for justice: all this, therefore, was ineffective. At length Pachó Bey succeeded in being personally recommended to the Grand Seigneur, as a victim of Ali's tyranny. The Sultan wished to see him, took compassion on his misfortunes, and appointed him one of his Capidigi-Bachi, or chamberlains. Although this post was not now, as formerly, one of great importance, still the intelligence of such a promotion of Pachó Bey caused the greatest uneasiness and alarm to Ali Pacha. He immediately conceived what he had to fear from so formidable an enemy, who had now daily access to the Grand Seigneur.

"Possessing an elegant and commanding form, a physiognomy in which acute penetration was softened by an insinuating smile, and gifted with the valuable talent of speaking with propriety and elegance all the languages peculiar to the Turkish empire, Pachó Bey was not long in advancing himself in the favour of his Sultan.

"Notwithstanding, declining for the present to attack Ali Pacha openly, he used his whole influence against his son Veli, by exposing the distresses and grievances of Thessaly: the Sultan punished Veli, by confining him to the obscure post of Lepanto. By this blow, which struck the most powerful of his sons, the enemies of Ali were convinced that the father himself was not invulnerable. Ali, assured that so long as Pachó Bey had access to the Grand Signior his interests must decline, resolved to terrify the Divan by one of those bold and decisive strokes, the success of which had hitherto always fulfilled his expectations. He easily found amongst his Albanians two Sicaires willing to execute whatever he might command: these he dispatched to Constantinople with orders to assassinate Pachó Bey. Having arrived at the capital of the Turkish empire, they proceeded to Pachó Bey's residence, and having desired to speak with him, the

moment he appeared at the window they discharged their pistols at him. The balls whistled about his ears, but only wounded him slightly. The assassins immediately betook themselves to flight by the Adrianople road, but, a well-mounted detachment being sent in pursuit, one of them was taken. At first he refused to own any thing; but, being put to the torture, he at length confessed that he and his companion had been paid by Ali Pacha to assassinate Pachó Bey. The assassin was then hung up, in front even of the imperial seraglio.

"But the death of this wretch, far from allaying the inquietude of the Sultan and his ministers, convinced them that henceforth the public safety would be compromised so long as Ali had at his command Sicides who would brave death to accomplish his wishes. The indignant Sultan wished at first to let fall the whole weight of his vengeance upon Ali, but he was persuaded to adopt a more prudent course. He appointed new governors to a great number of military positions bordering upon Albania, more especially to those which commanded the principal defiles, which till then had been exclusively filled by Ali's creatures. At length his destruction was determined upon in a secret council, and the sentence of *fermay*, or of the imperial proscription, was pronounced against him, and ratified by a fetfa of the Mafli. Its tenor was as follows:—"That Ali Pacha, accused of high treason, and who at different periods had received pardon of his delinquencies and felonies, should be placed under the ban of the empire, as a *relaps*, if he did not present himself within forty days at the golden threshold of the gate of felicity, to plead in justification." At the same time his *capitchoardars*, couriers, and all his agents were put in irons. Ali, little alarmed at the launching of this anathema against him, had recourse to the most formal supplication and denials. He accused his enemies of having conspired his ruin, and deceived the piety of the Grand Seigneur. But neither his gold, though distributed with no sparing hand, nor the most urgent entreaties to be restored to favour, could avail him: the Sultan declared, that whoever should dare to speak to him in favour of Ali should lose his head.

(To be concluded next week.)

#### LITERATURE, ETC.

Baron Chandruc de Crazannes has just published "Antiquities of la Ville des Saintes, et du département de la Charente-Inférieure, inédites ou nouvellement expliquées" 4to. with seven plates. This is a very interesting work, and will prove valuable to antiquarians. It consists of several dissertations on the most interesting subjects relative to the antiquities of the town of Saintes and its territory, which have either never been published, or have appeared to the author susceptible of farther illustration. La Sauvagère and Bourignon had already made us acquainted with the greater part of them, either by descriptions or engravings; but researches below the surface of the ground, made within these few years (they commenced only in 1814,) and most of them under the eye of the author, have brought to light a greater number of monuments. Among these M. C. de Crazannes discovered considerable remains of a Roman villa, where he found baths, a mosaic pavement, and many Roman medals, for the most part of the Lower Empire. The



author conceives this villa to have been belonging to Ansonius, which he called Novus, from which, when he had retired to private life, Ansonius addressed to his friends a part of his epistles. He was particularly partial to this place, and it is even supposed that he died here. Its true situation has hitherto been a matter in debate; but the arguments produced by our author, supported by references to Ansonius, seem to prove that probability is entirely in favour of his hypothesis.

EPITOME OF THE MEMOIR RELATIVE TO THE ALPHABET OF THE PHONETIC EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

Communicated to the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, September 27, 1822.

[In giving this important and highly interesting Paper to our Readers, we need not point out the extraordinary results to which the discovery it explains are likely to lead. The capacity to decipher the earliest records of the earth, it is to be hoped, will at length be attained. We have only to mention that the Engraving which illustrates this subject is most correctly executed from the original plate, and may therefore be critically relied upon.]

The Egyptian monuments, covered with inscriptions in divers characters, have become very common in Europe since the expedition of the French to the East. The enlightened labours of travellers, saving from destruction these precious and often frail remains of ancient civilization, and the munificence of governments, facilitating the study of them by depositing them in public establishments, must necessarily have happy effects on the advancement of historical knowledge, and lead at length to accurate ideas on the general nature, the relations, and the mode peculiar to the different systems of writing usual among the ancient Egyptians.

But the most important of these materials are indisputably the triple inscription on the Rosetta Stone and the MSS. on papyrus, engraved since 1812 in the great description of Egypt. (Antiq. tom. ii.) The learned labours of M. de Sacy, Akerblad, and Dr. Young, on these subjects, have proved both the difficulties inseparable from this study, and the rich harvest of new information which it was permitted to hope from it. Perhaps I have been so fortunate on my side as to obtain some positive data on a subject which has become exclusively the object of my researches.

From my several Memoirs it appears that the Egyptians had three kinds of writing:

1. The Hieroglyphic Writing, which directly painted ideas, by means of characters which represented, with more or less accuracy, the forms of sensible objects, and of which the characters were taken sometimes in a proper, sometimes in a figurative sense; the ancients called them, in the first case, *cyriological hieroglyphics*; in the second, *tropical or enigmatical hieroglyphics*. The hieroglyphic writing, as to the form only of the signs, was of two kinds: first, *pure hieroglyphics*, the character of which were an imitation of sensible objects; this kind was especially employed in inscriptions upon palaces, temples, tombs, and all public monuments in general; in the second place, the hieroglyphic writing, which I have called *linear*, because the signs which compose it, formed of very simple lines, often combined with ingenuity, offer also the easily recognised image of sensible objects. This last has been improperly confounded with the hieratic writing.

II. The Hieratic or Sacerdotal writing, the characters of which are for the most part arbitrary, and hardly retain in their forms faint traces of imitation of sensible objects. This second system is merely a *tachygraphy* of the first. Most of the MSS. found on Egyptian tombs are in hieratic writing, which was specially designed for religious matters.

III. The Demotic (popular) or Epistolographic writing, which was employed in civil affairs and private concerns. This writing, which is that of the intermediate text of the Rosetta Stone, formed a system of itself; it was composed, it is true, of signs borrowed without alteration from the hieratic writing, but the demotic writing often combined them according to rules and with an intention quite peculiar to itself.

These three systems of writing are purely ideographic; that is to say, they represented ideas, and not sounds or pronunciation. Their general process (*marche*) was, however, very analogous, or rather it was modelled on that of the spoken Egyptian language.

But since the three systems of Egyptian writing did not express the sounds of the words, it was important to know by what means the Egyptians could insert in their writings the proper names and words belonging to foreign languages, which they were often forced to mention in their ideographic texts, principally during the various periods of the subjection of Egypt to kings of a foreign race. It is this question, so interesting to history and philology, that I have attempted to solve, and of which I shall give a concise epitome.

The demotic text of the Rosetta inscription, compared with the Greek text, has led us to perceive that the Egyptians made use, in this third system of writing, of a certain number of ideographic signs, which, throwing aside their real value, became accidentally signs of sounds or of pronunciation. It is with signs of this order that the names of kings, Alexander, Ptolemy, of the queens, Berenice, Arsinoe, and those of private persons, Aetes, Pyrrha, Philotas, Arcia, Diogenes, and Irene, are written in the demotic text of the Rosetta inscription. Another demotic text, we mean that of a MS. on papyrus lately purchased for the cabinet of the king, which is a public document of the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes II. contains also in its protocol, of which we have attempted a translation, the names of Alexander, Ptolemy, Berenice, Arsinoe, and likewise those of Cleopatra and Eupater; lastly, the names of Apollonius, Antiochus and Antigone, which are those of public officers or private individuals. The comparison of these names with each other has fully confirmed what the demotic text of Rosetta had already told us—the existence in the popular ideographic writing of an auxiliary series of signs, destined to express the sounds of proper names, and of words foreign to the Egyptian language. We have given to this auxiliary system of writing the name of *Phonetic writing*. The several names written according to this method, as well on the Rosetta Stone as in the public document on papyrus, being compared together, have shewn us the certain value of all the characters which form together the demotic alphabet (or rather syllabary) placed in the second column of the plate which accompanies this extract.

The use of *phonetic* being once distinguished in the demotic or popular writing, it was important to discover whether there was not also in the hieroglyphic writing a series of signs likewise *phonetic*, employed for the same purpose; because the discovery of this species of

alphabet must produce, by its application to the numerous hieroglyphical inscriptions of which we have accurate copies, newer and positive results, highly interesting to history.

The hieroglyphic text of the Rosetta inscription might alone have decided this curious question, and have given us also a nearly complete alphabet of *phonetic hieroglyphics*, if the text had come to Europe entire. Unfortunately, the stone contains only the last fourteen lines of this text, and the hieroglyphical name of Ptolemy, inclosed, like all the hieroglyphic proper names, in a kind of cartouch, is the only one, of all those mentioned in the Greek text of the inscription, which has escaped total destruction. This name is formed of seven or eight hieroglyphic characters; and as the Greek name ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ contains ten letters, we could not fix any certain relation between the values of the one and the others,—nothing besides authorizing us formally to consider the hieroglyphic name of Ptolemy as composed of *phonetic signs*.

A new Monument has at length removed all uncertainty in this respect, and has led us in a certain manner to most numerous, and we may say the most unexpected, results.

The Egyptian Obelisk brought to London by M. Belzoni, from the island of Philæ, was connected with a base, bearing a petition, in the Greek language, addressed by the Priests of Isis, at Philæ, to king Ptolemy Evergetes II. to Queen Cleopatra his wife, and to Queen Cleopatra his sister. I distinguished, in fact, in the hieroglyphic inscriptions which cover the four faces of this obelisk, the hieroglyphic name of Ptolemy, precisely similar to that in the hieroglyphic text of Rosetta: and this circumstance led me to suppose that the second cartouch (or scroll) placed on this obelisk near to that of Ptolemy, and the last characters of which, (that terminate also the hieroglyphic proper names of all the Egyptian goddesses), are the ideographic signs of the feminine gender, contained, conformably to the Greek inscription on the base (or zocle,) the name of Queen Cleopatra.

If this were really the case, these two hieroglyphic names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, which in the Greek have some letters the same, might serve to institute a comparison between the hieroglyphic signs which compose them both; and if the corresponding letters in the two Greek names were expressed in both the Egyptian scrolls by the same hieroglyphic, it then became certain; that in the hieroglyphic writing there existed, as in the demotic, a series of *phonetic signs*, that is to say, representing sounds or pronunciations.

This hypothesis has become certainty by the mere comparison of these two hieroglyphic names: the second, third, fourth, and fifth characters of the scroll of Cleopatra, ΚΑΘΟΙΤΠΑ, and which represent the A, E, O and Π, are in fact perfectly similar to the fourth, sixth, third, and first hieroglyphic characters of the name of Ptolemy, which in like manner represent the A, the E, or the diphthong AI, the O, and the Π, of the same proper name ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ. It then became very easy to infer the value of the characters which differed in the two names, and this analysis gave us the greater part of a *phonetic hieroglyphic* alphabet, which it only remained to verify by applying it to other scrolls, and to complete by this verification.

It is thus that our hieroglyphic alphabet has progressively increased, and the general  
\* See the *Eclaircissements* upon this inscription, published by M. Letronne.

alphabet has been obtained, which forms the third column of the annexed Plate.

We will now add a very brief summary of the interesting results furnished by a rapid application of this alphabet to the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments, which results relate first to the Greek period of the history of Egypt.

We read, in fact,

1st, The name of Alexander the Great written ΑΛΚΙΑΤΡΞ in the edifices of Carnac at Thebes. (Vid. Descript. de l'Égypte Antiq. Vol. III. Plate 39. Nos. 13 & 15.)

2dly, The name of Ptolemy, common to all the Lugidæ, written ΙΤΟΑΜΗΞ and ΙΤΑΟΜΗΞ on the temples at Philæ, Ombos, Edfon, Thebes, Gous, and Dendera. (Vid. Descript. de Antiq. Vol. I. Pl. 12.—Nos. 10 & 11, Pl. 43.—No. 1. Pl. 60.—Nos. 7 & 8, &c. &c.) This name is generally followed in the scroll itself by the idiographic legends, *Always living, Beloved of Phtha, or Beloved of Isis.*

3d, The name of Queen Berenice written ΒΡΗΚΞ, twice on the ceiling on the great Triumphant Arch of the South at Carnac. (Descript. de Antiq. Vol. III. Pl. 50.)

4th, The name of Cleopatra, written first ΚΑΕΘΙΑΤΡΑ on the Obelisk of Philæ and on the Temple of Dendera, (Ibid. Antiq. Vol. III. Pl. 28. No. 16, &c.) and ΚΑΑΘΙΑΤΡΑ, and even ΚΑΘΙΤΡΑ on the edifices of Ombos, Thebes, and Dendera.

5th, The name of Ptolemy, surnamed Alexander, written ΙΤΟΑΜΗΞΑΡΚΞΝΤΡΞ at Dendera and Ombos. (Ibid. Antiq. Vol. I. Pl. 60. No. 9. Pl. 43. No. 8.)

6th, The name of another Ptolemy, hardly known in history, the son of Julius Cæsar and Queen Cleopatra, Cæsarion, whose royal scroll, carved at Dendera, next to that of his mother, contains the following legend—ΙΤΟΑΜΗΞ, surnamed ΝΗΟΚΗΞΞΞ, Ptolemy, surnamed the new Cæsar, always living, beloved of Isis. (Ibid. Antiq. Vol. I.)

But our hieroglyphic alphabet has been found applicable, without effort, and without any kind of modification either in the value or in the arrangement of its signs, to a much more numerous series of hieroglyphic names of Sovereigns sculptured on the monuments of Egypt. On reading them we discovered, contrary to all belief, on the bas-reliefs of the temples, the titles, names, and surnames of Roman Emperors written in hieroglyphic letters, but in the Greek language—such are,

1st, The title ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ, spelt ΑΟΤΟΚΡΤΡ, ΑΟΤΟΚΑΤΑ, and ΑΟΤΑΚΡΤΡ, inscribed alone on the edifices of Philæ, Dendera, &c. and followed by the idiographic epithets, *Always living, Beloved of Phtha, or Beloved of Isis.*

This imperial title is also engraved at the bottom of one of the perpendicular hieroglyphic legends which surround a large statue of a woman placed on the side of the circular Zodiac of Dendera, and on the second stone of that monument.

2d, The title ΚΑΙΣΑΡ, ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΞ, written ΚΗΞΞ and ΚΗΞΑΞ, accompanied by the same qualifications as the preceding, and filling a scroll by itself.

3d, The name of the Emperor Augustus in two scrolls joined together, forming the legend ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ || ΚΗΞΞΞ, *Always living, Beloved of Isis*, is repeated six times on the cornice of the western Temple of Philæ, (Zoëga Numi Egyptii imperatorii, p. 3. No. 1.) and it is very remarkable that these two scrolls contain exactly the only legend inscribed on the first medals of Augustus struck in Egypt. (Ib.)

4th, The name of the Emperor Tiberius,

written ΤΒΗΡΞ, and still more frequently ΤΒΑΗΞ, is frequently seen on the walls and in the gallery of the western Temple of Philæ. Two scrolls joined together contain his whole legend, as follows: ΑΟΤΟΚΡΤΡ || ΤΒΡΗΞ ΚΗΞΞΞ ΞΒΤΞΞ, *The Emperor Tiberius Cæsar Augustus*; but more generally ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ || ΤΒΑΗΞ ΚΗΞΞΞ, *Always living*. This latter is repeated nine times on the frieze of the same Temple. (Descript. de Antiq. Vol. I. Pl. 20. Nos. 9 & 10; Pl. 22. Nos. 1. 2. & 4; and Pl. 23. No. 5.)

5th, The same edifice of Philæ bears also in two united scrolls the titles of the Emperor Domitian in these terms—ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ || ΤΟΜΤΗΝΞ ΞΒΤΞΞ; but this more extensive legend appears several times on the edifices at Dendera, where the hieroglyphic scrolls that have been transcribed give ΑΟΤΟΚΡΤΡ ΚΗΞΞΞ, *Always living* || ΤΟΜΤΗΝΞ, surnamed ΚΡΜΝΗΚΞ, Germanicus, (Ibid. Antiq. III. Pl. 28. Nos. 35. and 34. 33. 32. 31. 30.) which is in fact the legend of the medals struck in Egypt. (Zoëga Numi Egyptii, p. 49, &c.)

6th, We have read the name of the same Emperor on the pamphilian Obelisk at Rome. The two interior scrolls of the northern face have literally ΑΟΤΚΡΤΑ || ΚΗΞΞΤΜΗΤΗΝΞ ΞΒΤΞΞ, *the Emperor Cæsar Domitian Augustus*; and the legend ΚΗΞΞΞ ΤΜΗΤΗΝΞ, *Cæsar Domitian*, is continued several times in the scrolls of the other faces.

7th, The name of the Emperor Trajan is read on the walls of the intercolumniation of the eastern edifice at Philæ: two hieroglyphic scrolls, united and placed before the figure of the Emperor adorning the goddess Isis and the god Arouëris, have ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ ΚΗΞΞ || ΤΡΗΝΞ, *the Emperor Cæsar Trajan*, (Descript. de Antiq. Vol. I. Pl. 28. No. 2, &c.) The frieze of the same intercolumniation is composed of nine scrolls; that in the centre has ΤΡΗΝΞ, *Trajan, always living*; the scrolls on the right read two and two, give the legends ΚΗΞΞΞ (Cæsar), *Eternal germ of Isis*, ΚΡΜΝΗΚΞ ΚΗΞΞΞ, Germanicus Cæsar, ΚΗΞΞΞ ΤΡΗΝΞ, *Cæsar Trajan always living*; and those on the left, ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ, (the Emperor) *Always living*, ΞΒΤΞΞ, (Augustus) *Always living*; ΑΟΤΚΡΤΡ ΚΗΞΞ || ΤΡΗΝΞ (the Emperor Cæsar Trajan) *always living*. (Ibid.) Lastly, two scrolls carved on the great Temple at Ombos, give the legend ΑΟΤΟΚΡΤΡ ΚΗΞΑΝΑΟΑ || ΤΡΗΝΞ, surnamed ΚΡΜΝΗΚΞ ΤΗΚΚΞΞ, *the Emperor Cæsar Nervæ Trajan, surnamed Germanicus Dacicus*. (Descript. de Antiq. Pl. 41. No. 6 & 5.) which legend is found, in fact, in the medals of Trajan struck in Egypt. (Zoëga, p. 64.)

8th, The Barberini Obelisk at Rome preserves the name of the Emperor Hadrian. The great scroll which contained it on the first face of that monument has been destroyed by a fracture; but fortunately the imperial name is repeated in the scroll placed in the pyramidion of the fourth face, and before the figure of Hadrian on foot, making an offering to the god Phrê (the Sun). This small scroll has ΗΑΤΡΗΝΞ ΚΗΞΞ, *Hadrian Cæsar*.

9th, There can be no doubt respecting the reading of this scroll, since the same Obelisk bears on its first face an idiographic legend, in which I have distinguished the hieroglyphics expressing the ideas, *Likewise the Queen his spouse, greatly beloved*; and immediately after, a scroll, the reading of which gives ΞΑΒΗΝΑ, *Goddess, living, victorious*; and, without interruption, a second scroll, bearing ΞΒΤΞΞ, (Augusta) *Goddess always living*.

10th, The Typhonium of Denderah gives

us, several times repeated, two scrolls united, and bearing the legend ΑΟΤΟΚΡΤΡΟΡ. ΚΞΡΞ ΑΝΤΟΝΗΝΞ, *Surnamed Always living, (the Emperor Cæsar Antoninus)*.—Descript. de l'Égypte Antiq. Vol. IV. p. 32. Nos. 5 & 6. Other monuments and farther study will give us other names, and doubtless confirm our first views. It results from the whole of them,

1st, That in the hieroglyphic, as well as in the demotic writing of the ancient Egyptians, there existed a certain number of signs, endowed, under certain circumstances, with the faculty of expressing sounds: we have given them the name of phonetic hieroglyphics.

2d, That in the choice of the hieroglyphic signs, because the representation of sounds, the Egyptians seem to have been guided by a constant principle: they took, for the sign of a vowel or a consonant, the hieroglyphic representing an object, the name of which, in the Egyptian language, began with the vowel or articulation which it was intended to represent: thus we comprehend why the figure of a hand, in Egyptian *tot*, has become the phonetic sign of the consonant T; why the image of a mouth, called *ro*, has become the sign of the Greek consonant P; a patera, *berbê*, the sign of B; a Pan's flute, *sêbi*, the sign of Ξ, &c. &c. And according to this same system it became indifferent to represent, for instance, the consonant T either by the idiographic sign of the Egyptian feminine article (T or TI) or by the image of a hand, *tot*, or by the image of a mason's level, *tori*, since the first articulation of all these words was a T. This circumstance explains to us at the same time why most of the vowels or consonants of the phonetic hieroglyphic alphabet are each rendered indifferently by several different signs.

3d, That notwithstanding the existence of this phonetic hieroglyphic alphabet, the Egyptians did not therefore renounce the ancient and general use of idiographic writing.

4th, That the two systems of phonetic writing (the hieroglyphic and demotic) were as intimately connected together as the three systems of idiographic writing were, since the demotic characters, representing vowels, consonants or syllables, are but the equivalents, in the hieratical style, of the hieroglyphics expressing the same vowels, consonants or syllables. Farther, this agreement of itself seems to prove that the phonetic signs of the sacerdotal writing could not differ in any respect from those of the vulgar or popular writing; and that, lastly, if there really existed in Egypt three species of idiographic writing, as we think we have elsewhere proved, there were in Egypt only two kinds of phonetic writing.

5th, That the most common use of the hieroglyphic and phonetic signs, was to inscribe, in purely idiographic texts, monuments and manuscripts, the titles, proper names and surnames, of persons, foreign to the Egyptian language, as well as words borrowed from other languages.

6th, That the number of these signs now known, furnishes the equivalent of twenty-one of the letters of the Greek alphabet, including a syllabic group.

7th, Lastly, that each of the Greek letters might have, as homophonous synonyms, several hieroglyphic signs; and we have just explained the reason of this, as well as the origin of these signs, and the reasons which might cause one or several of them to be chosen to correspond with such a letter of such a sound of the Greek alphabet.



The 1st Column contains the Greek Letters—the 2d, the Egyptian Demotic Signs—and the 3d, the Hieroglyphic Signs.

A	2.2.	
B	4.21.	
Г	κ. 5	
Δ	ε. 4	
E	ι.	
Z		
H	III. III. III. III.	
Θ		
I	Δ. III.	
K	κ. ε. ε. κ. 4	
Λ	γ. γ. γ.	
M	3.3	
N	2.2. ---. 4.	
Ξ	ξ	
O	ο. ι. ς. ς. 2	
Π	2.2.2. 2.2.	
P	/./.	
Σ	κ. κ. ς. III. 4)	
T	ε. ε. ς. ς.	
Υ		
Φ	2	
Ψ		
X	3	
Λ		
TO		
IN		

人及子

## LIBERAL (THE)

A Correspondent suggests that by the name *Liberal* bestowed upon the lucubrations of the *Pisani*, these writers may mean *Licentious*, for which, says he, they have the authority of Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7. where Gertrude, describing Ophelia's suicide, says—

Therewith fantastic garlands did she wreath  
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
Which liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do Dead men's fingers call them.

Here *liberal* evidently means *licentious*, the utterers of *licentious language*; in which sense the title of the *Pisan Periodical* is quite correct.

Archdeacon Nares, in his most delightful Glossary lately published, throws a still farther light on this acceptance of the word. We copy the definition from his admirable volume, which no lover of letters, and especially of the drama and old English writers, can value too highly.

"*Liberal* (according to him) sometimes had the meaning which we express by *libertine*, or *licentious*, as being too free or *liberal*; frank beyond honesty or decency, as Johnson explains it." One would think Pisa had been in the eye of all these writers, and that the notorious noble author was

—most like a *liberal villain*.

*Much ado*, iv. 1.

Again,

How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane  
and liberal counsellor? — *Othello*.

Or to say as a partizan newspaper does to the critic—

And give allowance to your *liberal jests* upon  
his person.—*Beaum. & Fletcher, Captain*.

My Lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power.

To stop the vulgar, *liberal* of their tongues.

*Spanish Tr. O. Pl. iii. 209.*

But Vallenger, most like a *liberal villain*,  
(speaking of the virtuous Queen Charlotte)  
Did give her scandalous ignoble terms.

*Fair Maid of Bristow.*

These apt quotations prove that the name of *Liberal* has not been ill chosen. The last of them links to our melange notice an Epigram, (signed J. C.) which the *Bristol* post has brought us, but whether from any of its *Fair Maids* we do not know: we subjoin it—  
Philosophers have sought that mark to scan,  
Set on the first fell murderer of man;  
From north to south, from east to west they've  
tried,

And folly lay it on the Negro's hide:—  
Vain thought,—'tis found at last, for Byron's  
brain

Unveils the curse, the damning mark of Cain!

## FINE ARTS.

## ENGLISH ACADEMY AT ROME.

DURING the winter of 1821, the English students in painting and sculpture, resident at Rome, established, by subscription among themselves, an academy for the study of the human figure. They hired a convenient place, and engaged alternately some of the finest models in Rome, where the great number of students in art, from all countries, have given to the models, from the frequent necessity of employing them, a certain character of respectability and importance; but the expenses which the English student incurs for these, often make him sigh for the liberal advantages which the French and some other nations provide for the young artists, whom

they send to Rome to complete their studies in a profession, by the practice of which it may devolve upon them to sustain in art the character of their country.

This season the English had again assembled, to renew their studies as before, when they received the offer of 100*l.* from Mr. Hamilton, our minister at Naples, to meet the expenses of their Academy. This most liberal offer was accepted, and we hope that it may become the means of establishing a national Academy in Rome, the advantages of which must be evident to every man who has considered its importance, and the opportunities which are there afforded for completing the studies of an artist.

The great and lamented Canova, whose grateful recollections of early English patronage produced his constant willingness to assist the young students from England, with freedom of access to the Museums of the Vatican, the Capitol, &c., took a kind interest in the proceedings of this private Academy, the members of which went in a body to his studio, on the first day of this year, to present to him their respects, and offer their congratulations and wishes for a long continuance of his health: their wishes then had a fair prospect of being realized; but it has been otherwise appointed. If the kindest heart, most liberal opinions and transcendent genius, could have delayed his death, Canova might have brightened to a later day the friendly circle by his society and conversation, and the world by other works than those which have given immortality to his name.

## PORTRAIT OF MR. CANNING.

We are beginning to enjoy the fruits of the lithographic process in this country, as they have long done in Germany and France. One great merit of this style is its cheapness, which renders its productions accessible to every class of the people, and must tend, to a certain degree, to disseminate a love of the Arts. The connoisseur may smile at this opinion, but considering, as we do, every humble approach to this desirable sentiment to be an approach to refinement in civilization and kindly and good feeling, we confess that we have looked with pleasure even at the poorest finery of stuccoed dolls and radeat of all outlines of prints which often adorn the lowly chimney-piece of the cabin and shed.

The Portrait before us is by M. Gauci, and from Chaters' press. The likeness is sufficiently apparent to content the eye, though we are not aware of any engraving of Mr. Canning which is perfectly satisfactory. That from Sir Thomas Laurence's picture\* is handsomely done, but has not all the intelligence of the original; while that from Mr. Stewardson's painting for Liverpool does not strike us as being so perfect a resemblance as his easel produced. The engraver has made some of the features coarser. A neat little print to the *Percy Anecdotes* (No. on Eloquence) is also liable to some objections, and in the stone of Mr. Gauci the forehead is not exactly that of the distinguished individual represented. We do not know how it happens, but though certainly generally like Mr. Canning, there is also a considerable likeness, particularly about the eyes and forehead, to the

\* It is curious that this admirable artist himself (though not particularly) perhaps more like Mr. Canning than any other person in Europe.

late Mr. Perceval, in this engraving; and yet in the individuals no resemblance could be traced. Mr. Canning's countenance is in nature remarkably fine: its usual predominant expression is sedateness, gentleness, and humanity; and it is only when illuminated by mental excitement that it displays the energy of that lofty spirit and the brilliancy of that dazzling genius which has so often hushed the listening senate to silence, only to be broken by resistless bursts of admiration. Chantrey's bust afforded us the best idea of the form of Mr. C.'s head, and especially of the open and ample brow, which, as in many living instances of celebrated men, is of an uncommon character, though receding softly and not so perpendicularly high, we think, as the lithography makes it. This however may result from the addition of hair, of which Mr. Gauci has sprinkled a little more on this part than the Right Hon. Secretary's tonsor would be able to find. Nevertheless, the print as a whole is a pleasing and fair resemblance.

## TALMA'S BELLOWS-SHAKESPEARE.

WE not long since gave an account of a portrait of Shakespeare on a pair of ancient bellows, which had found its way into the possession of the celebrated Talma. At the period, we expressed our scepticism as to the authenticity of this document; and have now to state that our suspicions have been confirmed by the testimony of a skilful artist and excellent judge of the originality, who has recently inspected the pretended antiquity at Paris. He assures us that the portrait is a forgery, and an old acquaintance of his, of which he has convinced its proprietor; but as he promises us a letter on the subject, we at present refrain from further remark.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

## I.—The Soldier's Funeral.

And the muffled drum rolled on the air,  
Warriors with stately step were there;  
On every arm was the black crape bound,  
Every carbine was turned to the ground:  
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,  
As silent and slow they followed the dead.  
The riderless horse was led in the rear,  
There were white plumes waving over the bier:  
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,  
For it was a Soldier's funeral.—

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,  
Where every step was over the slain;  
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,  
And he came to his native land to die.

'Twas hard to come to that native land,  
And not clasp one familiar hand!

'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,  
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!  
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,  
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;  
To think that the friends of his youth might weep  
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep!

The bugles ceased their wailing sound  
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;  
A volley was fired, a blessing said,  
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—  
I saw a poor and an aged man,  
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:  
He knelt him down on the new raised mound,  
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,  
He raised his head, his tears were done,—  
The Father had prayed o'er his only Son!

## II.—Lines written under a Picture of a Girl burning a Love-letter.

The lines were filled with many a tender thing,  
All the impassion'd heart's fond communings.

I took the scroll : I could not brook  
An eye to gaze on it, save mine;  
I could not bear another's look  
Should dwell upon one thought of thine.  
My lamp was burning by my side,  
I held thy letter to the flame,  
I marked the blaze swift o'er it glide,  
It did not even spare thy name.  
Soon the light from the embers past,  
I felt so sad to see it die,  
So bright at first, so dark at last,  
I feared it was love's history.

## III.—Outlines for a Portrait.

'Tis a dark and flashing eye,  
Shadows, too, that tenderly,  
With almost female softness, come  
O'er its glance of flame and gloom.  
His cheek is pale : or toil or care,  
Or midnight study, has been there,  
Making its young colours dull,  
Yet leaving it most beautiful.  
Such a lip ! Oh, poured from thence,  
Lava floods of eloquence  
Come with fiery energy,  
Like those words that cannot die ;  
Words the Grecian Warrior spoke  
When the Persian's chain he broke ;  
And that low and honey tone,  
Making woman's heart his own,  
Such as should be heard at night  
In the dim and sweet starlight :  
Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,  
Treasures for her heart to keep,  
Suited for the citron shade,  
Or the soft voiced serenade.  
Raven curls their shadows throw  
O'er a high and haughty brow,  
Lighted by a smile, whose spell  
Words are powerless to tell.—  
Such the image in my heart,—  
Painter, try thy glorious art !

L. E. L.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We promised a superb treat to our readers in Mr. Flint's \* account of a Methodist conference, at which, to use the French phrase, he assisted in America. The following redeems our pledge, and displays the unique style and odd notions of the writer in perfect accordance with his subject: to point which with more precision, we have interwoven a few Italics and parentheses.]

### AN AMERICAN METHODIST MEETING.

I lately returned from visiting the camp meeting of Wesleyan methodists, where I remained about twenty-four hours. On approaching the scene of action, the number of horses tied to fences and trees, and the travelling waggons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great magnitude of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of tents were irregularly disposed. Some of them were log cabins [a bit of a bull this, in our Scotch friend] that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them constructed by poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth. These tents are for the accommodation of the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got a sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested, while I gazed

\* Flint's Letters from America, 8vo.

on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were making a loud noise and the most singular gesticulations which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator, and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A rail fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of the mistake by a Colonel P—, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. [The sly rogue ! one of his travelling tricks, to get among the women. Had he gone to Turkey he would have been for invading the Harem.] The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently. Shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling, and swooning. The preacher could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were ; certainly had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamours below. I took my stand close by the fence, for the purpose of noting down exclamations uttered by the exercised, but found myself unable to pick up any thing like a distinct paragraph. [A paragraph of exclamations is good.] Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of Jove. I had to content myself with such vociferations as *glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ*,—with 'groans and woes unutterable.'

In the afternoon a short cessation was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the centre and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females who sung melodiously. It is truly delightful to hear these sweet singing people. Some of their tunes, it is true, did not convey, through my prejudiced ears, the solemn impressions that become religious worship, for I recognised several of the airs associated with the sentimental songs of my native land. In one instance a tent was dismantled of its tow cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless. After a *chair of girls* around her had sung for a few minutes, two men then stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, or with others wishing to become so, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seats in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over all the camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. Now and then, *Amen* was articulated in a *pitiiful* [pitiable] and indistinct tone of voice. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and have perhaps heard the king of beasts, and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling

by the jolting of the waggon. Probably you will call this a rude simile ; but it is the most accurate that I can think of. Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind,—*'What will become of the church when we are dead and gone ?'*—A loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, 'I trust in God, that many of you will be now converted, and will become the preachers and the pious Christians of after days.'—The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes toward the female side of the fence, he continued, 'And you, my dear sisters.'—What he had farther to say to the future 'nursing mothers of the church,' could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from being heard, on which account he withdrew ; and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy ; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling *en masse*. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who while standing could not be seen over her taller neighbours ; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flit up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never before saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively. It would be impossible to describe the diversity of cases ; they were not now confined within the fence, but were numerous among the people without. Only a small proportion of them could fall within the observation of any one bystander. The scene was to me equally novel and curious.

About dusk I retired several hundred yards into the woods to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a male population, by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

It had been thought proper to place sentinels without the camp. Females were not allowed to pass out into the woods after dark. [Sly Mr. Flint.] Spirituous liquors were not permitted to be sold in the neighbourhood.

Large fires of timber were kindled, which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom, only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many



members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moonlight gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms. Around this busy mass, the crowd formed a thicker ring than the famous Macedonian phalanx [whose ring was a square, Mr. Flint]; and among them, a mixture of the exercised were interspersed. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on tip-toe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log-seats, to have a more commanding view of the show. People were constantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of females and the darker apparel of the men were alternately vanishing and re-appearing in the most elegant confusion. The sublimity of the music served to give an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of Alloway Kirk.

Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Where Tam o' Shanter

----- Stood like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd.

Late in the evening a man detached himself from the crowd, walking rapidly backward and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind: "I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to be damned; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory!" He turned round on his heel occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom. [Flie, Mr. Flint.]

At half past two P.M. I got into a tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed; and a lawyer residing in the neighbourhood gave a sermon of a legal character. [We could wish this sort of sermon explained, for the sake of its novelty.]

At nine the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and the smell of bacon tainted the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitring the evacuated field. The little inclosure, so often mentioned, is by the religious called *Altar*, and some scoffers are wicked enough to call it *Pen*, from its similarity to the structures in which hogs are confined. Its area was covered over with straw, in some parts more wetted than the litter of a stable. If it could be ascertained that all this moisture was from the tears of the penitent, the fact would be a surprising one. [Flie again, naughty but facetious Mr. Flint.] Waving all inquiry into this phenomenon, however, the incident now recorded may be held forth as a very suitable counterpart to a wonderful story recorded by the Methodist oracle Lorenzo Dow, of a heavy shower drenching a neighbourhood, while a small speck, including a camp meeting, was passed over and left entirely dry. In Lorenzo's case, the rain fell all round the camp,

but in that noticed by me, the moisture was in the very centre. -----

----- Females seem to be more susceptible of the impressions than men are. A quality, perhaps, that is to be imputed to the greater sensibility of their feelings. -----

The awakenings in Kentucky that were some years ago hailed by the religious magazines of your country as the workings of the *Divine Spirit*, must have been those that occurred at camp meetings of Methodists. These assemblages are now said to be on the decline in Kentucky; and when meetings were held on a grand scale there, many disorders were committed by immoral persons, tending to the great scandal of religion, and occasioning the precautionary measures already noticed in this detail.

What could we add to such a picture as this, combining as it does the sensibility of a Wilkie with the humour of a Hogarth. To the author we can only say *Vale*. He has entertained us much, though his work is not worth a rush: but we are always grateful for a laugh whether at or with.

## WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. XLX.

### THE DEVIL TAVERN.

"How chn do, Madame *Peelzebubs*?" said Heidegger, stepping up to the bar—"How is Masture *Peelzebubs* your spouse? Vat my pretty little *imps*—mine *devilkins*," patting her children on the face—"run, run to mine coachman, he has got some sweetmeats for you." "To be sure," said my great-uncle Zachary, "the Count was the best-tempered creature in the world, and uncommonly fond of children. It mattered not whether they were the sons and daughters of the singers, dancers, musicians, the tavern-keepers whose houses he visited, or of the poor people, *hangers-on* of the Opera-house, in the narrow streets and alleys about—all came in for a share of his kindness. It was his custom, on the day succeeding a masquerade, when there was always a profusion of nice things left untouched from the supper-tables, to buy

\* Heidegger's masquerade suppers were most splendid, such indeed as have not been witnessed since. Many poor families in the neighbourhood were occasionally fed by the profuse remains. "It is an ill wind that shall blow no good to nobody," said he, when he used to distribute his bounty in this way. "Vat, (rich is a lie), if I corrupt se public taste—Do I not fill se poor peop's bellie?"

"It is a fact," said Handel, one day at Lord Burlington's table, "it is a fact, Misder Bope, for all your blayful, witty gat-o-nine-tails, on the shoulders of the ogely gount, which I am ready to brove on the Holy Bipel, dat he sub-borts and gives away, and brovides more gom-forts to the weedy and the disressed, than any one of mine lord bishops, for whom I have great resbect."

Heidegger was the son of a clergyman, and born at Zurich, in Switzerland. He came to England in 1708, then fifty years of age, a mere adventurer. This extraordinary man, without any other means than his sprightly manners and engaging address, worked himself into the good graces of the leaders of fashion, and ultimately became the *arbiter elegantiorum*—the leader and controller of fashion himself.

"His failies," said a contemporary, "if they deserve so harsh a name, were completely covered

the dainty keckshaws, which were the perquisites of the attendants, and to take them in his chariot from house to house, to distribute them to the little folks, who delighted to see his ugly face.

"He was the most comical dog too," added my great-uncle, "and had so many little ready pranks—practical pranks, to play off, as retorts to the rudeness with which he was so frequently assailed. It was he, long before John Wilkes<sup>2</sup> knew the house, who dubbed old Cowley Johnson,<sup>3</sup> the landlord of the tavern, Mistare and the landlady Madame Peelzebub, for over-devilling a gizzard at the instance of Dubois, a celebrated Irish fencing-master, who played off a trick upon a namesake, of the same profession, when he and Heidegger were in their cups one night at the Devil, and burnt the French Fencing-master Dubois's 'mouth most terribly—a fatal joke, which begot ill-blood between these rivals, and ultimately terminated in a duel, in which the Frenchman was run through the body by his unhappy namesake. Mother

by his charity, which was boundless. Such another was the celebrated Beau Nash."

"You know objects of distress better than I do," he would observe to Mr. Way—"be so kind to distribute this money for me. After a successful masquerade, he has been known to give away several hundred pounds at a time. So says the worthy John Nichols.

His masquerades were justly censured by the satirists, although the fault was with the great Dons who supported them. Pope triumphed him in the Dunciad; Fielding whipped him in the Masquerade, a Poem; and Hogarth made an incomparable etching, replete with sarcastic wit, which was sensibly levelled at the exalted patrons as well as the foreign projector of those scenes of dissipation. This scarce print—bearing certain references that must not be named to delicate ears—was, to use the satirist's own words, Invented for the use of *Ladies and Gentlemen* by the ingenious Mr. H—d—g—r.

Among the rest, the author of the *Scandalizade*, has roguishly made his worthy coadjutor, Handel, (who was only partner in the Operas,) give him a friendly flogging—

"Thou perfection, as far as e'er Nature could run, Of the ugly (quoth H—d—l) I'th' ugliest haboon; Human-nature's, and even thy Maker's disgrace, So frightful thy looks, so grotesque is thy face! With a hundred deep wrinkles impressed in thy front,

Like a map with a great many rivers upon't;  
Thy Lascivious Ridottos, Obscene Masquerades,  
Have un-maided whole scores ev'ry season of maids."

Vanloo painted a portrait of the Count (as he was called) from which there is a mezzotint engraving by J. Faber, dated 1742.

<sup>2</sup> John Wilkes belonged to a society of profligates, who held their midnight orgies at this tavern, under the appalling title of the Hell-Fire Club.

<sup>3</sup> Cowley Johnson, whose father kept an inn in the city, was a loyalist, and served King Charles I. Cowley, the poet, stood godfather to his son, who became landlord of this once celebrated tavern—hence his christian name.

<sup>4</sup> Dubois is the person whose portrait is introduced by Hogarth in the second plate of the *Rake's Progress*, with a fencing foil. "The keen eye and elasticity of the fencing master" is noticed as admirably depicted, by Gilpin, in his essay on this series of plates. The duel was fought in Marylebone-fields, and the vanquished Frenchman, although run through the body, walked a considerable way from the scene of action,—when a surgeon was procured, who had hopes of his recovery. He received the wound on the 11th May 1734, and lived in agony until the 23d of the same month.

Johnson persisted in it that Dubois devilled it himself; but Heidegger maintained he was not so tamely to know who did the devilish deeds; and ever after dubbed the host and hostess Beelzebub.

"This Johnson had a beautiful daughter—she was to be sure most beautiful—who used to serve at the bar, and was a favourite toast with the young Templars; and an hundred copies of verses were penned by these admiring sonneteers in celebration of her charms. Old John Dennis, after the affair of the gizzard, added to their designations: 'Johnson is the Devil,' said he, 'his wife, Death, and Miss Beelzebub is Sin.' And when Hogarth had painted the damsel, (who by the way was a coquettish, pert young woman) and some one had written complimentary verses on the occasion, Griffin Jack (Dennis), in the true spirit of his caustic humour, swore that the painter copied his rascally picture of Milton's Sin<sup>5</sup> from Miss Winny Johnson. 'She is bar-maid to Death, and the fabricator of Beelzebub's punch infernal—yes, a congregate of d—d bad spirits,' laughing at the monstrous conceit, which unwittingly engendered what he abominated—a pun.<sup>6</sup> 'Yes, infernal,' repeated the cynic with his gruff voice, looking towards the bar, 'which Miss, with her demure face, stirs up to let loose more mischief to gripe mankind, (writhing with the cholic,) than that brimstone, pot-house, punch-making Bessy Cox<sup>7</sup>—the s—t! who made a puppy, a fool, and an ass of Mat Prior—or that other ogling she-devil, Pandora!'

"'Arn't you ashamed to sit there and utter such wickedness, Mister Dennis?' said Mrs. Johnson—'at your time of life too! What's Bessy Cox to do with us—the good-for-nothing minx! Do you dare, Sir, with all your learning, to compare my daughter with such as she? Bessy Cox indeed!—Hamph! It would be as well for you to settle your bill, Mister Dennis—God knows it's long enough—before you come here to falsify the reputation of honest people, and a virtuous young woman, though I say it, as good as yourself—aye, and better too for aught I know,' said the angry landlady, shutting down the sash-window of the bar with a vengeance, then opening it again—'I'm sure it would be a charity for some one or another to send you to Bedlam.' Down went the window again.

<sup>5</sup> Hogarth executed a design of Sin, Death, and the Devil, from Milton, which, like most of his attempts at the sublime, was so execrable as to justify the sour critic's expression of contempt for the picture.

<sup>6</sup> It is well known that Dennis execrated a pun—He that would make a pun (said the Pedant) would not scruple to pick a pocket.

<sup>7</sup> Bessy Cox. A woman that was much talked of the beginning of last century. Of whom Dr. Arbuthnot writes to Mr. Watkins—"Prior has had a narrow escape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimstone bitch, one Bessy Cox, that keeps an alehouse in Long Acre. Her husband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his estate between his servant, Jonathan Drift, and Bessy Cox. Lewis got drunk with punch with Bessy night before last. Do not say where you had this news of Prior. I hope all my mistress's ministers (Queen Anne) will not behave themselves so."

In a subsequent letter, talking of Prior's will—"We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma; she owned *Flanders Jane* was his *Chloe*. I know of no security against this *dotege* in bachelors, but to repent of their mis-spent time and marry with speed."

"'Bravo!—Encora!' said Dennis.

"'Yes, Sir, bravo indeed!'—the window up again in an instant—'Encore indeed!—Marry come up! you shall have no more of your ancoras here till you have paid your bill, take my word for it, Mister Dennis!'—Down went the sash.

"Dennis clapped his hands—'Encora! Encora!'

"Up went the sash again. 'Yes, Sir, you may clap and clap, but that does not enable honest people to pay their rent and taxes, and the exciseman forsooth! Gentlemen may well clap when they can find easy good-natured folks like Johnson to let such—But I shall not demean myself to go in a heat any more for you, Sir!'—So down went the sash.

"I wish there was a ducking-stool in every parish, by G—!' exclaimed the critic.

"Up went the window. 'Yes, and I wish there were stocks in every parish too—I know whose legs they'd fit, or I'm much mistaken. I understand your inuendos, Sir'—Down went the window—up it went again—'Yes, twenty-two pounds for guttling and punch, besides an old score of more than that, which my fool of a husband, God forgive me, out of charity scratched out of the books.'

"'Charity!' exclaimed Dennis.

"'Yes, charity,' repeated the angry lady. 'Yes, charity, Sir!' echoed Miss Winny Johnson, 'what then?—Charity again, you impertinent old sot!'

"'Lugete Veneris Cupidinesque!'<sup>8</sup> roared out the angry cynic, with a sarcastic grin—Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!

"Do, do pray shut down the sash, my dear,' said Mrs. Johnson—'I dare say that is some outlandish impudence of the old Turk's, not fit for modest ears;' and down went the sash for the last time, with a bounce that made the bowls and glasses ring again.

"Alas, poor old man! he had latterly sunk into the habit of besotting himself of nights with tobacco and punch,<sup>9</sup> which increased his natural irascibility almost to madness. When in his paroxysms, he spared nor friend nor foe, nor age nor sex; so that Colley Cibber humorously observed, he could tell of a morning how much liquid fire the old Griffin had swallowed over night to half a ladleful, by the expressive murmurings of his bowels and the emphatic length of his oaths. In these fits he had been heard to call Milton a beast, and Shakespeare a rascal. The saucy Miss Winny, who had aforetime been a mighty favourite, whom he had dandled on his knee, was scratched out of his good books, having given irreparable offence to the old gentleman by too loudly observing (Winny was a wit too,) that these inward commotions of his were specimens of Mister Dennis's patent thunder<sup>10</sup>—a green-room joke which she had picked up from the conversation of the players who frequented the tavern.

"But to return. 'Well, mine deere Miss Winny,' said Heidegger—'you, mine deere

<sup>8</sup> *Lugete Veneris Cupidinesque!* "Weep, all ye Venuses and Cupids."

<sup>9</sup> The only known portrait of the Critic is engraved from a sketch by Hogarth, who has represented him, with a most surly expression, with a tobacco pipe in his mouth. He was an incorrigible smoker, and famed away, when in anger; which induced the lively old Tom D'Urfey to say—"Run! fetch the engines, John Dennis's chimney's on fire."

<sup>10</sup> The well-known jest of his rising in the Pit and exclaiming, "By G—, they have stolen my thunder."

charmante Miss Winny, look for all the world like the beautiful Misses at Saint James.'

"Come, come, Count Heidegger," said Mistress Johnson, 'I will not allow you to come here to flatter my daughter. St James's, indeed!—God forbid my daughter should ever become a Saint James's Miss.'

"'Vot not a Saint James's Misse!—Vot not a Miss maids of honour! O, Madame Jonsons, you would be note no little proude to see Miss Wynny ride niddleste-noddleste in the sedan. Flattare!—Vy, Mistress Jonsons, your littel babbees here, shall he not Maatarea and Misse Jonsons flattare? Now you shall see. Come, my prittie Misse, how old are you?'—'I am eight, Sir,' (curtsying.) 'Dat is prittie spoken, mine littel leave. Dare, dare is some sweetsmeetes for you, and some pour your brodare.'—'Thank you, Sir.'—And half a crown for you to give to littel prodare Cowleys, to pay him the traps-balls. Dare now, mine deere, am not I the good gentlemen?'—'Yes, Sir.'—And am I not the pretty gentlemen?'—'Yes, Sir,' (curtsying.) 'Ha—ha—ha—ha!' clapping his hands—'Look you now dare,' said the comical Count—'See—behold, Madame Jonsons, how dese littel devils have alreacety learn to flattare!'

"The Count now wheeled round on his heel, and taking up Fog's Journal,<sup>11</sup> began reading; when coming to something he could not rightly understand, he marched up to the other end of the room, where were seated Quin and Lacy Ryan<sup>12</sup> in the same box, lurching off a pork-chop and devilled kidney; and Fleetwood<sup>13</sup> and Colley Cibber<sup>14</sup> playing at chess upon a table by the fire-side; with Ingham Forster and Ben Read<sup>15</sup> at the spare end of the same, writing notes to a copy of Hogarth's caricature upon Pope, with a candle and wax ready to seal it in an enclosure for the poet at Twickenham. 'Mum!' whispered Ingham Forster, 'or we are blown.'—'Yes,' said old Ben Read, 'if that French monkey son of a — gets scent of the matter, he'll out with it to Prince Frederick—he'll tell it to his wife, she'll set it a-going at Leicester House, and all the fat will be in the fire.'

"'What, a new print I see,' said Heidegger—'hey, Mistrare Income Fourstars? What is it all about vot I reads in Fogg? Dam his Vig and Tories! By Gar I can tell of mine own memories all the sign from Charings Cross, all the way since Saint Polls, on two sides of the street, forward and backward, for a wager I vas obtain vif my worthee co-adjutor Mistrare George Frederick Handels; and yet I will be curst if I can remembre of my friends vich is the Vig and vich is the Tories. I say to his Majestie King George,

<sup>11</sup> Fogg's Journal, a celebrated *Whig* Newspaper. Mist's Journal (each bearing the name of the proprietor,) a contemporary Tory paper.

<sup>12</sup> James Quin, and Lacy Ryan, another favourite actor, were sworn friends, who frequently lunched at the Devil Tavern—which was famous for a broil or a devil'd kidney. Quin taught Ryan, who was a general favourite, to become a votary to Apicinus.

<sup>13</sup> Fleetwood, the gay, thoughtless, engaging patentee of Old Drury Lane, before the property became the joint possession of Lacy and Garrick.

<sup>14</sup> Colley Cibber, acting manager of the Old Drury Lane Theatre, and subsequently the great hero of the Dunciad.

<sup>15</sup> Ingham Forster and Ben Read, opulent traders, friends and patrons of Hogarth, well known to the players, and members of the Spiller's Head, and other joyous clubs.



of a scoundrel—I presume, Sarc, he is a Vig. I say to her Majesty the good Queens Caroline, of a rascal—I presume, Madame, he is a Torie. By Gar, all se varid in England shall hate each other, even in the church of Gode, for Vigs and Torie. Mine Gotes! all se Eng-lise is always in se politiques. If se barbare come, be talk the politique so mouch, he cut my cheek almost to se bone. If se shoe-maker, he pinch my corn almost to death—all for talking of se politique, se popies. Confound you, *Mistars Barbare*, say I—I am not se Vig, for vy then you draw mine blood? To se shoemaker, I am not se Torie, for vy then you torture mine corn? Se rascal bar-bare and se rascal shoemaker, he tell mine valet, "Your mastare is not no Vigs, your mastare is not no Tories. Your mastare may be tam'd, (snapping his fingers in se face of mine valet)—I vil not no more vork for your mastare."

"That's hearty," said old Ben Read—"that's your true British independence. I'd go ten miles to be shaved by such a barber—a man after my own heart!"

"All se vay in se shoemaker's tight shoe—hey, *Mistars Reads*? Mine Gote! vat shall become to your patriotic corns!"

"D—n the corns," said old Ben Read, "when the country's in danger."

"Poor Heidegger shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, *Quelle bêtise!*"

(This chapter to be concluded in our next.)

#### THE DRAMA.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Monday, Mr. Kean made his debut for the season in his favourite part of Richard III., and was received with great applause, especially by a number of the pit audience, who shouted and waved their hats. This ceremony was partially repeated when he changed the garb of Gloucester for the royal robes, and more partially still at the fall of the curtain, when a few voices demanded the actor instead of Mr. Powell who advanced to give out a play for Tuesday. The call was very properly disregarded behind the scenes, and, indeed, put down by the disapprobation it excited in the house. Mr. Kean's Richard presented little new for observation, and we are afraid that his habits and peculiarities are now too inveterately confirmed to afford any hope for salutary effects from the admonitions of criticism. The same may be said with respect to the admirers of his style, among whom many of his greatest defects are esteemed his greatest beauties. We remember, too, it is said that "of all the cants in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting;" and the author laughs at the critic who, instead of marking the performer's look or action in filling up the pause which he censures, had his eye fixed on the stop-watch. Had this excellent observer been doomed to attend to Mr. Kean on Monday, his stop-watch would have required ample attention; for if on oath before the court of Judge Apollo and his female jury of Nine, we are not sure we could swear that his pauses did not occupy fully as much space of time as his speeches. Sure we are, that his pauses and promenades together more than filled an equal period with his viva voce exertions. Were this not ridiculous, it would be monstrous: for never did man "strut his hour upon the stage" so egregiously as Mr. Kean. But besides his wonted ruin of Shakespeare's sense by

these old tricks, he was, on Monday, remarkable for an added carelessness, as if he utterly despised the very crowded audience before which he appeared. His performing was exceedingly like rehearsing. He killed King Henry as if in sport, and he wooed Lady Ann as if in mockery. Had not the reproof of the stop-watch and the dread of a long account been present to our minds, we think we should have counted, for curiosity's sake, the taps which he gave his breast and the batoning which his sword hilt received: but as we cannot be exact we will guess the first at eleven and the last at four hundred. Seriously, we counsel Mr. Kean to leave off rather than exaggerate these absurdities, as he wishes to regain that popularity which they have impaired if not lost. The scattered hits which he makes cannot compensate for so indifferent a whole; and at last even the multitude must tire of seeing a glorious author always murdered in the same way. The gradual diminution of the applause on the night of his return ought not to be despised as a warning.

The Comedies at this theatre are got up *en potence*. The *Suspicious Husband* and *Wild Oats* are well acted; and the spirit infused by full houses is largely communicated to the Stage.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Miss Lacy performed Mrs. Haller on Saturday, and Jane Shore on Monday; on which latter evening, a young lady also made her debut as Alicia. In the *Stranger's* frail spouse, as in all the other characters in which we have seen her, Miss Lacy displayed much talent. Parts of her personation were exquisitely fine, and could not be surpassed; but these were rather in brief and sharp touches than in sustained pathos or elevation. It seems to us, either that her powers fail her in prolonged passion, or that her judgment does not direct her so to regulate her voice and action, as to express and embody her conceptions with the same felicity as she does in shorter passages. This, however, as we observed of her Isabella, study and practice will enable her to accomplish.

Jane Shore was always to our tastes a wonderfully heavy tragedy. Disliking it most sincerely, its cast on Monday did not reconcile us to the declamatory monotony of the first four Acts. Yet it was well acted. C. Kemble is a noble figure for Hastings, and plays as well as he looks the character. In Yates' Gloucester there are many strong points intermingled with much extravagance. His sardonic grin has something of the ludicrous in it instead of the diabolical: this comes of overdoing the thing. His action partakes of the same fault. What does he mean by shaking his fist at Hastings when he leaves him with a compliment as if reconciled to his opinions? Surely an enlightened audience may have credit given them for understanding that his professions are hollow, without this violent outward and visible sign. Mr. Yates is a very clever performer, and ought to ponder on these matters; a thought would set him right, and he would not so overstep the modesty of nature. Of the new Alicia we have not much to say. Her gesticulation was very abrupt in her trial scene with Hastings; but we imagined that we discerned some ability lurking under the inexperience of a debut, and unripeness for so prominent a station in the profession. Miss Lacy gave to Jane Shore's heroicks nearly all their weight, and to her miseries their full share of wretchedness, inasmuch that one Magdalen in the Pit went into fits.

This is a genuine tribute to an actor's powers: with all the horrors of his finale in Sir Giles Overreach, we never saw or heard of Mr. Kean raising the hysterics. Yet it is said his acting is prodigiously natural: if so, it is the natural which excites surprise and, in many, admiration; rarely if ever tears, never a more overwhelming feeling.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared, for the first time this season, as Othello. His reception was most enthusiastic; and his performance justified its fervour, though we think there was some lassitude apparent in the parts which did not call forth all the force and vigour of his powers. When this occurred the bursts were transcendent.

*Juliet.*—A Miss F. H. Kelly debuted as the heroine in the exquisite lovers' play of Romeo and Juliet, on Thursday. It is long since so gratifying a female first appearance has given promise of attraction to the stage. At last, after a lapse of several years, it will be possible to see Tragedy acted as it ought to be. So late in the week we cannot enter into a detailed criticism upon this brilliant performance. The lady is young, possessed of a good figure, and with a countenance, though not expressive in itself, susceptible of displaying every expression which the passion of the scene requires. Her voice is like Miss O'Neill's—perhaps finer. Nothing can be more clear and harmonious; even the agitation of a first night but partially affected it. The same remark applies to her features, and, with less of dread upon her mind, we are sure that an almost gasping open of the mouth, which in the full face had an unpleasant effect, will not be obvious. These are the merest of trifles, and lost in her acting, which was in all parts of the highest order, in many above praise. The garden scene was beautiful, though we agree with the writer in the Morning Post, that there was rather a tone of wheedling in its beginning, not entirely consistent with the innocent simplicity of Juliet. Here our catalogue of blemishes ends. The diamond was otherwise of the first water and without a flaw. The great trials of female genius in the last three acts were as naturally and powerfully gone through, as by any Juliet the stage has possessed. Taste and feeling accompanied these excellencies, and while inactive or listening to others, she evinced the finest talent. Her attitudes were admirable. When the Friar proposes the sleeping potion, her look of dreaming uncertainty and posture of bewildered attentiveness would have made a beautiful picture. In all the deeper passages she was most affecting; and tears and still more decisive marks of sympathy from many an auditor, mingled with bursts of acclamation, testified her complete triumph. To such a Juliet we were not surprised to see Mr. C. Kemble make a suitable Romeo. We never before witnessed him in the character to so much advantage. His appearance, his action, his grace and energy, were alike conspicuous; and the whole exhibited one of those portraits of dramatic excellence to which the memory recurs, and we say "we shall never behold such a Romeo."

New and beautiful scenery and superb dresses added to the enjoyment of the evening and the entire gratification of a well filled house. It is only because we have noticed it so often, that we do not once more dwell on Jones's lively and ethereal Mercutio. In justice to greater novelty, we should say that Keely was a capital Peter, and



Meadows the best of all possible starveling apothecaries.

The *Galley Slaves* have mellowed into their autumn of favour at both Houses; of course their winter approaches, and "oblivion covers all." By the by, the hurried getting up of this drama at Drury Lane on the same night for which it was announced at Covent Garden, is, in our opinion, justly reprehended. A fair and spirited competition is what the public will approve, but an envious snatching away of the goods of others can never merit encouragement.

**London Theatres.**—The dramatic entertainments provided nightly for the inhabitants of the Metropolis may be known to our distant readers by the list of last Monday. Drury Lane, Richard III., and Two Galley Slaves; Covent Garden, Jane Shore, The Irish Tutor, and Two Galley Slaves; Royal London Theatre, Tottenham Street, The Sketch Book, a Burletta; and the Two Galley Slaves; Royalty Theatre, Wellclose Square, The Shipwreck, a Melo-Drama, founded on the loss of the Grosvenor Indianman, "a terrific melange," with a real bear and dog, a ballet, and Indian piece; the Olympic Theatre, The Tread Mill a Comic Sketch, Joan of Arc a Drama, and Tom and Jerry; Adelphi Theatre, Tom and Jerry, and a Burlesque, called Tereza Tomkins; Surrey Theatre, Horsemanship, Rope Dancing, Spectacles of the Infernal Rept, Maid of Genoa, &c.; Royal Amphitheatre, (Astley's) Harlequinade, Billy Duck, a Musical Piece, Equestrian Exercises, and a Romance.

#### LAPLANDERS—WAPETI.

The Laplanders have returned to their old quarters at the Egyptian Hall, and again see company, whom their long residence in this country renders them more competent to entertain. The Wapeti, too, have become more civilized, if we may apply that word to their becoming accustomed to bonds imposed by society. In other words, the noble-looking male Elk has been put into harness, and now draws a tumbur with the proudest Blood in England. We were bold enough to make the first experiment with this novel and fleet courser, and can safely vouch for his being a superb hack; though from having at once too much room, and not room enough, we were unable to try his speed. In fact, as men are but children of a larger growth, we only drove him round the Hall of Exhibition. He will however, we understand, be seen shortly in the ring at Hyde Park.

#### VARIIETIES.

**Mr. Berthelot**, one of the most distinguished chemists in Europe, died at Paris on Wednesday the 6th inst.

The eruption of Vesuvius, on the 25th ult. is represented to have been the most remarkable since 1794.

A Steamboat is building, by an American, on the Lake of Geneva; this are the improvements of our age spread throughout the world.

**Meteorological Appearances.**—Several luminous globes, in the direction of the South, were visible at Bourg in France, on the 7th inst. Four luminous globes followed each other; one only attended by train of light, and the first of the apparent size of the Moon, with a rotatory motion, and an opacity in the centre.

**Antiquities.**—The *Leeds Intelligencer* has lately mentioned the discovery, at Lingwell Gate, near Wakefield, of some Roman coins, (one of Nerva Trajan) and also of a number of finely executed clay moulds for their coinage. It is not certain whether these belonged to the Government or were the tools of forgers. Some moulds, it is added, are mentioned by Camden as having been found at the same place in 1697.

The *Chester Chronicle* describes a battle-axe dug up by miners near Llanrwst, and supposed to have lain in the earth since the year 610, when a battle was fought there between the Saxons and the Cambrians under Prince Llywarch Hen. It is not far from Lord Gwydyr's, Gwydyr House, so called from Gwaed-dir, or the bloody field. The axe is of metal, and 28 ounces in weight.

**Highland Anecdotes.**—An English gentleman travelling through the Highlands, came to the inn of Letter-falay, in the braes of Lochaber. He saw no person near the inn, and knocked at the door—No answer. He knocked repeatedly with as little success. He then opened the door and walked in. On looking about he saw a man lying on a bed, whom he hailed thus—"Are there any Christians in this House?"—"No, (was the reply) we are all Cameronians!"

#### IRISH LITERATURE!

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

**MR. EDITOR.**—Having received a letter from an Irish correspondent this morning, in which I observed one or two of those inaccuracies for which his nation is remarkable, it recalled to my recollection an epistle that has lain in my writing-desk since the Rebellion of 1798, at which time I received it from my worthy friend the Bart. — I then showed it to a few intimates, one of whom urged me to publish it; but respect for the writer (who was really a worthy soul) made me withhold it till now; but, as the Bart. is dead, I have no objection to your inserting it in your pages, if you think the perusal will amuse any of your readers.—Your well-wisher, Mr. Editor, PADDY.

From the Bart. — to his Friend in London.

**MY DEAR SIR.**—Enjoying now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from those blood-thirsty Rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed or dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed; and whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet;—at present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had judiciously been left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, and they had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard, but they had no colours, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found

our force much too little, and they were far too many for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword—not a soul of them all escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog.

Their uniforms were all different colours, but mostly green.

After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, and a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with fishermen's names.

Troops are now placed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. . . . I have only time to add that I am, in haste, Yours truly, . . .

**P.S.**—If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will write immediately to let me know.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gamma Correspondence.

Our insertion of Mr. Gamma's verses in our last Number has led to a conflicting correspondence, in which we suspect there may be a little gammon, though certainly not on the part of that Bard, who has written to express his gratification at our closing his composition with "some of the best poetry in the world." He further assures us, that "he is not yet 18 by a considerable deal;" and as a proof of his not "being the least vain," preserving his "incognito," sends us another Contribution. It is entitled *Conscience*, but we have only room for the first two and last verses—

Is there aught, that, when we've acted right,  
Makes us contemplate with pleasure,  
Makes our hearts exceeding light,  
And makes us joyful beyond measure?

Yes, 'tis Conscience.

Is there aught, that, when we've done amiss,  
Excites in us dreadful fear,  
That takes away all thoughts of bliss  
That might be known by mortals here?

Yes, 'tis Conscience.

'Tis Conscience ought to guide all things;  
'Tis Conscience doth in all men dwell;  
To some great happiness it brings,  
To others—'tis as bad as Hell.  
Then, Conscience, may we always find  
That what we do is done with conscious mind!

But what puzzles us most is a letter signed Caroline, and purporting to be from Gamma's mistress, in answer to his *Lover's Oath*. Its paradoxical form leads us to be jealous of its waggery; we, however, insert a few of the lines for the sake of our friend Gamma, to whom they are addressed—

I swear by the poets, Lord Byron and Southey;  
I swear you've become what Lord Byron calls moonthy;  
I swear by my Pen, by my Ink, and my Taper,  
I swear you've both wasted your time and your paper—  
Yet I will never blame thee.

Now you are laughed at for writing such verse,  
Not in grandeur or rhyme, but quite the reverse;  
Not in prose, not in poetry, sense, or in reason;  
When you wrote it, perhaps your love was the reason—  
Yet I will never blame thee.

I'll never blame thee now thou art in thy prime;  
I'll never blame thee when thy life shall decline;  
I'll never blame thee when thou art dead,  
And left off writing—of which 'tis said—  
I will never blame thee.

**Poetical Bankrupts.**—H. A. H. to Jollie, whose eye in the first verse and eyes in the third turn different ways; On Early Rising, for the rhymes, sloth—worth, prepare—here—declare, peril—trial, luminary—luxury! &c. which, however novel, are not, we apprehend, allowable; H. is burnt agreeably to his second horn; T. On Music, being most unmusical; Edwin, for what he can't help—being a disciple of George Noodle.

**Certificate.**—That writers being very young and unpractised is no recommendation to our columns, however much these qualities are insisted upon by numerous Correspondents.

George Edwards gives us no address. We have no business with Sarah's and J. P.'s "heart's entwining."

[In putting our Papers together we are compelled to omit two or three articles.]

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